

VOGUE

60c

Aug. 15

AUTUMN TIP SHEET

what it takes
to turn on
the chic...

which colours,
shapes,
changes count...

what's on the
skip-it list...

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show-tickets
to line up,
people and art
to watch...





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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, Publisher

Alexander Liberman, Art Director

AUGUST 15, 1962



COVER

GENE LAURENTS

The news—in a word—is leather. Here, it's shiny red kidskin, draped and wrapped in a tallish turban, worn with a smouldery plaid coat that's a crash of reds and near-reds. Hat, made to order by Halston; at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. (Details of the coat on page 75.) Under the hat is a face with a secret—a thin film of lavender underlines the make-up base; this, a way to add creaminess to a skin that's too olive. It's one of five new pastel prime-coats by Germaine Monteil. The lipstick is Monteil's paled-red Sunset.

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I'll always remember
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SHERRY MERRY IN SPAIN

The Festival of Jerez de la Frontera

BY PEGGY DONOVAN

"Sherry comforts the sad, invigorates the fainthearted, and brings happiness to all who drink it," according to the Spaniards, and especially to the people of Jerez de la Frontera who honour their wine with a festival every September. For three days, dawns, and nights, the *Jerezanos* dine, dance, recite, and fight bulls to herald their new vintage, which ripens in a triangle of lime land at the southernmost tip of Spain.

A town of whitewashed houses and blossoming orange trees, Jerez lies about sixty miles south of Seville and about thirteen miles north of Cádiz. Jerez has always been the fountainhead of Sherris Sacke, and an important exporter of wines since the English came sherry-seeking from the teetotalling Moors as early as the twelfth century. Many *Jerezanos* have the blond seed of Britain in their blood, many speak English, and England remains the greatest foreign consumer of the golden wine, in spite of the Duke of Wellington's claim that "sherry tastes as if it had been drunk before."

Happily, more people seem to agree with Falstaff who said, "If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be to foreswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack." Anyone participating in the *Vendimia*, or grape harvest, of Jerez de la Frontera is inclined to do just that.

For *fiestas*, Jerez has set aside several blocks of the city for all time. Lining these flowery streets are open rooms, or *casetas*, furnished with tables and chairs, portraits of saints, and an uncountable number of wineglasses. During the festival, people visit them, drink a toast and watch the girls and boys do the *Sevillanas*, that swirling gipsy dance of Southern

Spain. Each little *casetas* has its contingent of guitarists, its dark girls in flounced dresses snapping castanets as they dance with slim boys in tight trousers, short jackets, and the black skimmer of Córdoba.

This mellifluous *paseo* leads to the terrace of the Club Nacional where people gather before long tables set with silver coolers, each one holding a half-bottle of wine, neck high in ice. The wine is poured and passed, each empty half-bottle being replaced with another. In Jerez, to present a full bottle of *fino* would be heresy. The parade of half-bottles, however, is endless, and endlessly admired, for this is *fino*, the driest and the palest sherry of all.

Flamenco and *fino* are combined at an evening party in a sherry cellar, or *bodega*, with music, dancing, and a vast array of food. Behind the long table stand thirteen gigantic tuns marked with the names of Christ and the Twelve Apostles. The Spanish host explains that the vat of Christ contains the Mother wine, which had been laid down in 1862 for Queen Isabella II. Another abandoned, gloomy cask in a corner was laid down when King Alfonso XIII abdicated and will not be broached until the next monarch returns to the Spanish throne. This vault of Gonzalez Byass is famous, and on *fiesta* nights, from midnight till dawn, its cobwebby depths echo with the songs and dances of the dark handsome *Jerezanos* and their pale, fair-haired guests. Pale and fair-haired because every year Jerez honours an import country and generally the visitors are from the sherry-drinking north.

This particular year, 1959,
(Continued on page 20)

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SHERRY MERRY IN SPAIN

(Continued from page 10)

the honour country was The Netherlands, and a good many officials and Dutch travellers mingled with the Spanish crowds. On the second night of the *fiesta*, a long and solemn performance is given in the local theatre. The queen, a flashing Iberian brunette, presides, enthroned, and surrounded by her court, in this case a coterie of Dutch "princesses," as pinkly plump as Rubens' cherubs. In long white robes, they all sat in gilt chairs, hotly embracing bouquets of red roses while the local poets, in prolix singsong, extolled their beauty, grace, and naturally, the excellence of the new vintage. The audience, elegant, scrutinizing, and extraordinarily patient, stayed through the coronation until the curtain was rung down at one in the morning.

But this was merely the entr'acte of the evening. At Spanish *fiestas*, there is always time, *siempre hay tiempo*, and as people had yet to dine, everyone proceeded to the restaurant, El Bosque. Acres of tables were set in an outdoor pavilion, under lighted orange trees. A zealous orchestra played, half-bottles of *fino* nested in shaved ice, and a regiment of white-coated waiters were in no apparent rush to serve dinner. After a few dances, and more than a few *finos*, dinner started at two; delicious, long, and leisurely. Coffee and cognac arrived around four, and at five-thirty in the morning came the farewells: *adiós, adiós, mucho gusto . . . hasta mañana*, although it was already *mañana*.

In Spain, no *fiesta* is worth its salt without the bulls, so the next afternoon we filed into the ring to see the *corrida*. The festival of Jerez attracts the greatest bull dancers of the land, and Antonio Ordóñez had been billed to fight alone six black Miura bulls. The revved-up throng was in a frenzy of excitement, and waves of angry disappointment swept over them when it was announced that Ordóñez would not fight, as he had recently been badly gored. Indignant to have been failed, the furious *Jerezanos* jeered and whistled as their fine black beasts died at the hands of lesser *toreros* reaching their ignominious mo-

ments of truth.

The treading of the new grapes, however, raised the spirits of the dispirited *Jerezanos*. The Queen and her court, now in coloured skirts and ribboned *espadrilles*, sat cascading down the steps of the Cathedral. Around them were trumpeting pages, Dutch burghers costumed in starched ruffs, acolytes, black-casocked priests, and swarms of people below in the square. In the middle of the square, on a raised wooden platform, stood a statue of the patron saint of the harvest, Saint Ginès del Jarro (St. Ginès of the Jug). At his feet, a deep wooden trough spilled with clusters of green-gold grapes, swollen, ripe, ready to flow.

At a signal, two brawny-legged peasants in white shorts and red sashes leapt into the trough, jumping up and down, bursting the fruit with their bare feet. As the juice oozed and splattered, the Bishop blessed the new gleanings, or the *mosto*, with holy water, the censor clanked, incense fumed, and a covey of white doves was released overhead. The crowd went wild, clapping, cheering, and *olé-ing*, as the stompers leapt in their ballet of Bacchus.

Actually, much of the pressing of the fine sherry grapes is done by men, trampling, splitting, crushing the juice from the fruit with nail-studded boots. For lesser grapes, some presses of ancient design are used, but, ideally, no great *cru* should be touched by iron implements.

Niñas y viñas son mal a guardar, runs the Jerez proverb, putting girls and grapes in the same category of being tricky to raise. Three kinds of soil nourish the sherry vines: chalk, clay, and sand. Chalk gives the best wine, clay the most, and the vines fruit in their fifth year continuing to bear until their thirty-fifth. The finest grapes are Listan and Palomino, and the choicest, limiest soil is Albariza, which reflects the sun and protects the roots from intense heat.

Many of the *bodegas*, or wineries, are former monasteries. Such a one is the Pedro Domecq Wineries. Here, lanes of immense vats are stacked three high, as

sherry brown as the robes of the Capuchin monks who once said their beads along these corridors. The air is musky, pungent, and cool inside the cave.

The wine steward, or *Capataz*, carries a *venencia*, a dipper with a long whalebone handle tipped by a small silver cup, which he plunges into the tawny depths of the wine. With a flourish he brings it up, brimming but dropless, and pours the sherry into a stemmed glass.

The glass, he explains, is always held by the round base, never by the stem or the bowl. There were samplings of *fino* and *oloroso*, also dry, but with a heavier, more dignified bouquet. The *Capataz* contrasts the two wines: the differences between a moustache and a beard, a cigarette and a cigar, and, naturally, between a woman and a man.

Sherry does not age in the bottle, but in vats, called *soleras*, which are stored in three tiers. After aging, half the wine is drained from the lowest vat, that being the oldest; the top half is replenished by the lower half of the upper vat. The sluicing off of the newer wine into the older results in an even, smooth vintage. The half-empty third vat is then filled from the vat of the Mother wine, the *Madre*, which must be at least seven years old, and preferably older.

In the courtyard of the Domecq Wineries, the artisan coopers of Jerez repair used butts for reshipment. Curiously they are made of American oak, the wood from New York State being most prized for its fine grain and small pores. Each butt holds one hundred and thirteen gallons, or the contents of six hundred and twenty-four bottles. All importers return the butts for re-use, except the Scots who like the sherry-seasoned American oak for aging their Scotch whiskies.

Of course, the most exciting time to be in Jerez is for the *Vendimia*, this year from September 8 to 11, but the wineries and vineyards can be seen at any time. The Hotel Los Cisnes, if not sumptuous, is first class, and the hospitality of the *Jerezanos* goes on all year round.



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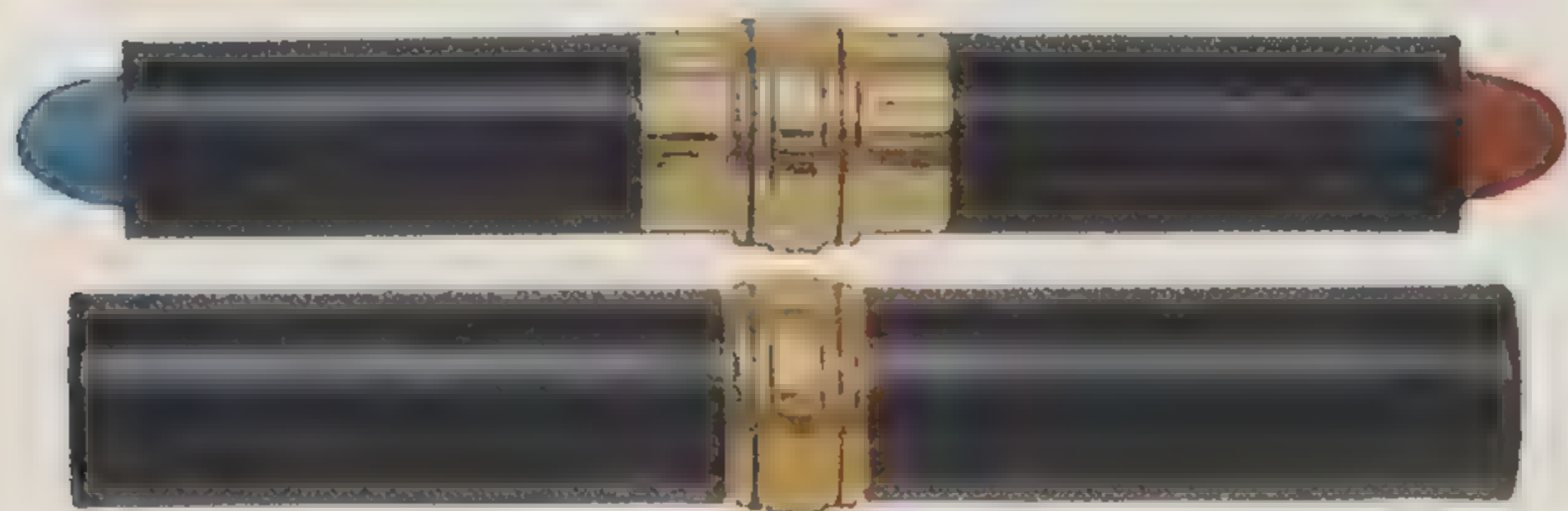
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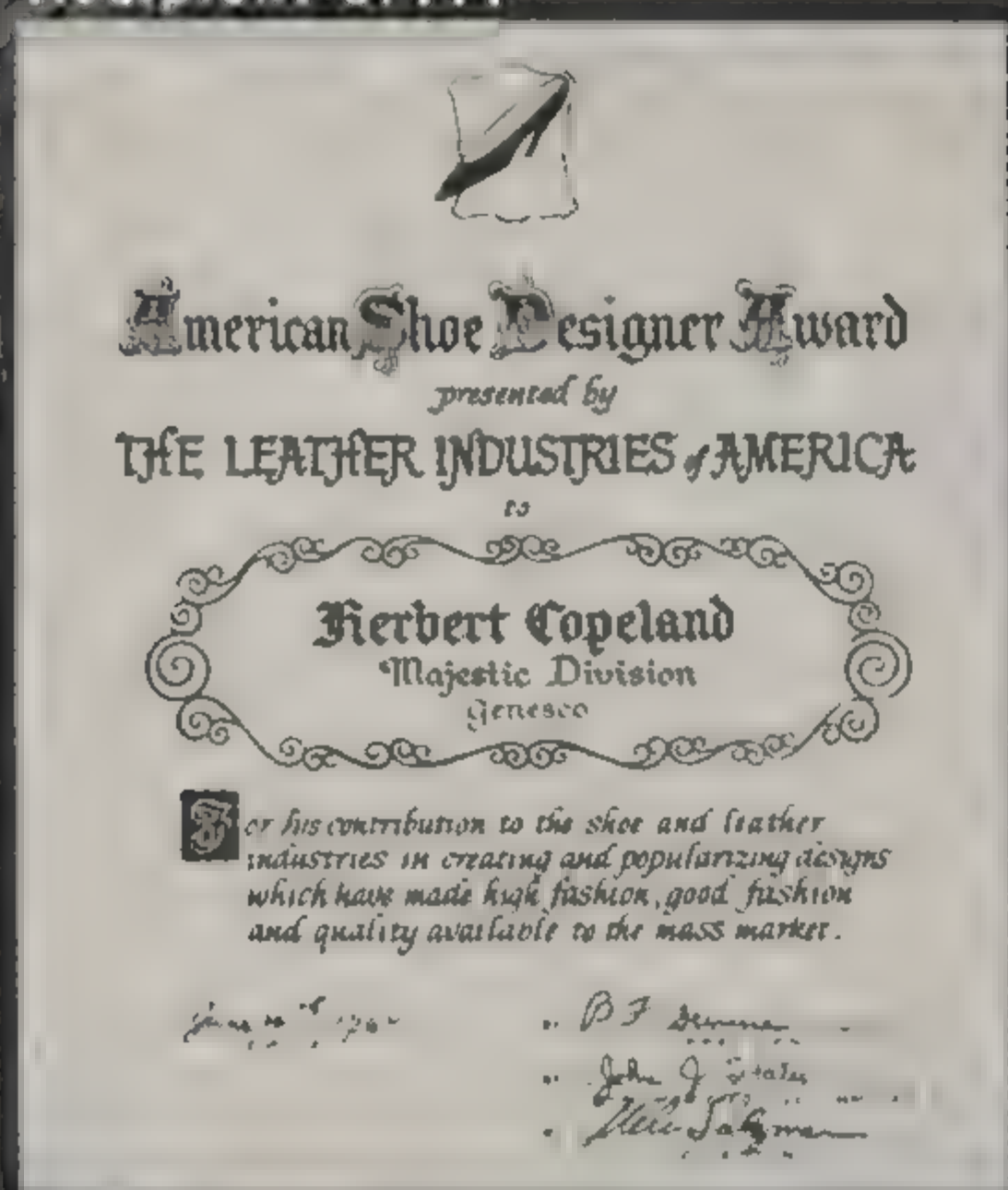


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THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM WALDEN

Every day the New York City newspapers carry news items about mishaps involving pedestrians: struck by an object falling from a building, pinned against a wall by a curb-leaping taxi, mugged in Central Park, trapped in a cave-in caused by a broken water main, injured by a hand truck in the garment district, or taken into custody as a result of mistaken identity and later released. Sometimes these items report happier events: a pedestrian catches, unharmed, a baby that has toppled from a third-storey window, finds a dirty brown paper parcel containing thirty thousand dollars in cash, or helps a policeman apprehend a fleeing thief.

Every time I read such newspaper stories about pedestrians, as often as not strangers to this city, I realize what a singularly drab existence I, a native, have led on its sidewalks. I have quietly walked up and down the streets of this fabulous city, where all sorts of adventures can and do happen daily, for more than a score of years without once becoming involved in an incident sensational enough to hit the newspapers.

Friends and relatives tell me they are frequently accosted on the street by pollsters and asked their opinion on everything from the possibility of war to the price of eggs. But no camera-toting man in a battered fedora has ever stopped me on the street and said to me, "I'm The Inquiring Photographer from the *News*. What kind of girl do you prefer for a wife—a companion or a playmate?" In fact, only once have I been approached on the streets by a stranger for an opinion, and that experience turned out to be somewhat less than satisfactory. After years of walking about unnoticed, I was more or less resigned to remaining a nonentity when my golden opportunity materialized. I was staring into the window of a hardware store on East Forty-fourth Street when a well-dressed young man appeared beside me and, after civilly begging my pardon, told me he represented an agency that was engaged in making a survey of men's preferences

in soaps and asked whether I would mind giving him the benefit of my opinions on that subject. I had to restrain myself from grabbing his hand right on the spot and pumping it in appreciation. I hastily assured him I would be delighted to cooperate to the best of my ability. He whipped a pad and pencil from his pocket, poised the pencil over the pad, and inquired, "Does your wife use — soap?" (mentioning the name of a well-known brand).

"No," I replied, and waited eagerly for his next question.

The young man put his pencil and pad back in his pocket. "I'm afraid you can't help us. Thank you," he said, and walked off, leaving me staring after him in dismay. I doubt that he has ever departed from anyone more anxious to reveal his opinions or more disappointed at being deprived of the opportunity to do so.

No suspicious-looking stranger has ever made me an offer of a genuine fur piece at a ridiculously low price. But the genuine diamond ring deal has been thrown my way at least half-a-dozen times, once by a man with a foreign accent so thick he had to state his proposition three times before I got the drift of it. He asked only two dollars, and when I refused, suggested I name my own figure.

I have never been slugged or mugged on the streets (or off them, for that matter). However, I hasten to point out—with crossed fingers—that the ledger is still open. I suppose I have been asked directions as often as the average person, and I have always conscientiously refrained from giving them if I was not sure of them. My honesty in this respect was finally rewarded a few years ago, though not in any material way. As I was walking along a busy street downtown, an elderly man asked me loudly how to get to a certain street. As I hesitated, two men who were passing by and had heard his question, stopped, turned, and pointed simultaneously in opposite directions. They constituted a vivid, even a memorable, picture—one that in-

variably makes me smile when I recall it.

Over the years, hundreds of panhandlers have accosted me. The score rose astronomically during one notable winter when my wife persuaded me to buy and wear a Homburg because she thought it lent me distinction. I don't know whether she was right, but I do know that I have never been so popular with the sidewalk solicitors, either before or since. Even when the hat had lost some of its shape and was beginning to look a bit battered its draw was potent. One day it attracted a panhandler whose mind was clearly elsewhere, for he approached me with, "Can you spare a glass of— I mean, a dime?" I did not oblige him—not out of lack of charity, but because I firmly believe a man ought to keep his mind on his work. (Actuarial statistics on accidents occurring during working hours will bear me out on this.) In any case, it was with enormous relief that I finally consigned my Homburg to the ash can and returned to the anonymity of a snap-brim.

Everyone has had the experience of being mistaken by a stranger for someone else. This can be deflating to the ego if it happens frequently, because it robs us of the comforting belief that our physiognomy is original and unique. I have been mistaken for someone else so often that I sometimes feel like Everyman. During one period, after having been subjected to several cases of mistaken identity within a comparatively short interval, I decided to strike back at the next opportunity. A few weeks later, while I was walking north on Sixth Avenue, a beetle-browed, fat man smoking a cigar intercepted me with, "Excuse me, but aren't you Ed Stone?" This was exactly what I had been waiting for. I looked at him in feigned astonishment and said slowly, "Why, no—I thought *you* were." The cigar did not drop out of his mouth as I had hoped, but he was completely nonplussed.

Perhaps my most unusual sidewalk experience occurred

(Continued on page 56)

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HOWARD WOLF citifies the young flare with a close-cropped little jacket, a skirt gliding with pleats. In softest "Orlon" acrylic and rayon. A touch like poured cream. Shape ever-loyal. That's "Orlon". *Very "Orlon"*, the darkling-plaid look in rich red or green. With broadcloth bodice of 65% "Dacron"^{**}, 35% cotton. 3-15. About \$40. At Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; B. Altman & Co., New York and branches; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. **"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR FASHION SHOWN.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY





"I'm not
really a
princess"

I'm just treated like one. You can tell by my sweater. It's Regal. A perfect back-to-school fashion of Orlon® acrylic knit. Jacquard pattern at bottom and on sleeve. Sizes 7 to 14, about \$8. Sizes T10 to T16, about \$9. In the fashion colors of Autumn. At Stern's, New York; M. O'Neil Co., Akron, O.; Carlisle-Allen Co., Ashtabula, O.; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Goudchaux's, Baton Rouge, La.; Stone & Thomas, Charleston, W. Va.; The Fair, Chicago; John Shillito Co., Cincinnati; The May Co., Cleveland; Titcher-Goettinger, Dallas, Texas; Trask's, Erie, Pa.; J. M. Hartley, Fairmount, W. Va.; Battelstein's, Houston; Hartmann's, Huntington, N. Y.; A. G. Field's, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo.; Gimbels, Milwaukee; Capwell's, Oakland, Calif.; Lit Bros., Philadelphia; Korrick's, Phoenix; Gimbels, Pittsburgh; Gladding's, Providence, R. I.; Gray, Reid, Wright Co., Reno; Charles V. Weise Co., Rockford, Ill.; Young Fahy's, Rome, Ga.; Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis; Ballard & Smith, Inc., Suffolk, Va.; Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C.; or for the store nearest you, write REGAL KNITWEAR CO., 1333 Broadway, New York 18.

REGAL



THE COAT: PILE OF 80% "ORLON"* ACRYLIC, 20% NYTRIL, BACKED BY 50% MODACRYLIC, 50% TRIACETATE.

GRAND ILLUSION / "ORLON"® IN THE DEEP PILE COAT

RUSSEL TAYLOR, famous furrier, steeps you in luxury unlimited—one grand sweep of "Orlon" acrylic, with mutation-mink collar. "Orlon", piled deep and dense. "Orlon", soft as whipped cream and just as rich. Nothing but elegance. In moon beige, oyster, brown, black, white, black cherry, lipstick red. Sizes 6-16. About \$120 at stores listed on facing page.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

*"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or coat shown. Hat by Sally Victor. Solara gloves of Du Pont Nylon by Shalimar.

The
RUSSEL TAYLOR
coat
shown on the
opposite page is available at
the following
fine stores:

New York City, N. Y., Best & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Akron, Ohio, Polsky's
Albany, N. Y., John G. Meyers
Baltimore, Md., Stewart & Co.
Boise & Twin Falls, Idaho, Carroll's
Boston, Mass., C. Crawford Hollidge Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y., L. L. Berger Inc.
Cheyenne, Wyo., Fowler's
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Co.
Chicago, Ill., Lytton's
Columbus, Ohio, The Union Co.
Detroit, Mich., Annis Furs & Fashions
Duluth, Minn., Oreck's
Erie, Pa., Boston Store
Grand Rapids, Mich., Paul Stekettee & Sons
Hartford, Conn., Sage Allen & Co.
Johnstown, Pa., Brett's
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson Co.
Millburn, N. J., The Suburban Shop
Milwaukee, Wisc., Gimbel-Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minn., Powers
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann's
Providence, R. I., Cherry & Webb Co.
St. Louis, Mo., Scruggs,
Vandervoort & Barney Co.
St. Paul, Minn., Powers
San Diego, Calif., The Marston Co.
San Francisco, Calif., Joseph Magnin & Co.
Schenectady, N. Y., The Imperial
Scranton, Pa., The Globe Store
Springfield, Mass., Forbes & Wallace
Syracuse, N. Y., The Addis Co.
Tulsa, Okla., Seidenbach's
Upper Darby, Pa., Helen Caro
Washington, D. C., Raleigh Haberdasher
Wilmington, Del., Kennard's
Youngstown, Ohio, Chas. Livingston & Sons

WHAT COLOUR IS PARIS ?

About the
Eyeful Tower
we won't tell you
a thing. About the
new clothes
we will Tell All
in colour in

VOGUE
SEPTEMBER 1

The costume of silk (shown on page 104) is featured at:

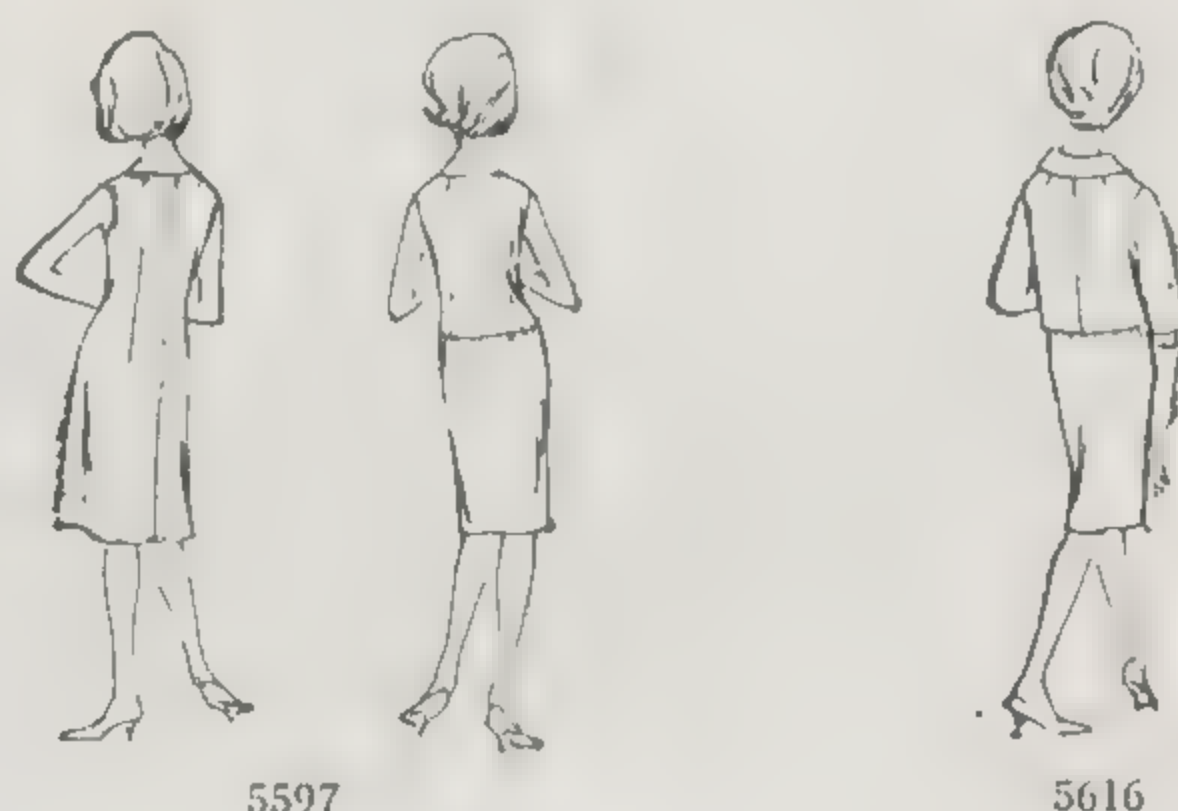
Boston, Mass. Jordan Marsh
Charlotte, N. C. Belk's
Cincinnati, Ohio H. & S. Pogue
Columbus, Ohio F. & R. Lazarus
Dallas, Tex. Titcher-Goettinger
Denver, Colo. Denver Dry Goods
Fort Worth, Tex. The Fair
Long Beach, Calif. Buffums'
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Wayne Russell Fabrics
Philadelphia, Pa. Wanamaker's
Pittsburgh, Pa. Joseph Horne
San Diego, Calif. The May Co.
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop

The coatdress of wool (shown on page 105) is featured at:

Austin, Tex. T. H. Williams
Baltimore, Md. Hutzler's
Boston, Mass. Jordan Marsh
Charlotte, N. C. Belk's
Cleveland, Ohio Halle Bros.
Columbus, Ohio F. & R. Lazarus
Dallas, Tex. Sanger-Harris
Denver, Colo. Denver Dry Goods
Fort Worth, Tex. Monnig's
Hartford, Conn. G. Fox
Little Rock, Ark. Gus Blass
Long Beach, Calif. Buffums'
Minneapolis, Minn. Amluxen Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla. John A. Brown
Pasadena, Calif. Bullock's
Philadelphia, Pa. Wanamaker's
Pine Bluff, Ark. Gus Blass
San Antonio, Tex. Frost Fabric Shop
San Diego, Calif. Marston's
Santa Ana, Calif. Bullock's
Tulsa, Okla. Brown-Dunkin
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 104-105)



Above, left: Coatsdress. "Very Easy to Make" Vogue Pattern 5597. 10-18. Size 14, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 54" fabric without nap. 75c. In Canada, 85c.
Above, right: Dress and jacket. Vogue Pattern 5616. Sizes 10-18. Size 14, jacket and skirt, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 45" fabric without nap; bodice, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 45" fabric without nap; jacket lining, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 39" fabric without nap. Yardages are for the costume as shown here. Pattern allows for collar, revers, lining to match bodice. \$1.50. In Canada, \$1.65.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PENNA.; AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10¢ FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX.



The bubble coiffures have burst. The new shape? A soft, controlled fullness . . . neaten and natural . . . with almost no-curl curls, an inch or so below the ear.

Brown hair is "in." In fact, all the natural shades are . . . as long as they're soft and shining.

And soft and shining they'll be if you use a new 3-part treatment from Ogilvie hair-care specialists . . . especially for dyed, tinted or sun-damaged hair.

First a Hot Oil Treatment that actually foams, sends warm emollients surging through hair, relaxing tight scalp . . . sweeping away any scaly accumulation. Makes hair soft as satin. Best of all, it rinses away!

Next — Creme Conditioner with hydrolized protein and more emollients . . . counteracts split ends, breakage.

Then there's a shampoo with a special conditioner for bleached or tinted hair that won't strip color. Other benefits: lavish lather and fresh fragrance.

Thing to ask for? NEW OGILVIE RE-CONDITIONING TREATMENT SET by Dorothy Gray.

And the same experts have come up with a color treatment that gives the most natural-looking hair color this side of being born with it. It's called OGILVIE MAGIC COLOR. The magic here is that it's the *one* hair color created by hair-care specialists. Rich in conditioners — covers gray completely — leaves hair soft . . . radiant with *natural* color.

All these delicious items by

DOROTHY GRAY
the cherished care
for complexion and hair

Celanese salutes Hargro for this luxurious crepe made of *Celanese acetate and rayon*. It has a facility for slimming—shapes itself to you with a fluid grace. Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, gives it the body and touch you like in a crepe.

Celanese selects Petite Lady for discovering this crepe's limitless possibilities. See its gracefulness in this sleek, new, narrow-look costume, with its touches of glitter on the jacket and the slim sheath beneath. Smart for the petite half-size.

Celanese thanks these fine stores: B. Altman & Co., N. Y. & branches; Carson Pirie Scott Co., Chi.; Neusteter's, Denver; Rich's, Atlanta; J. W. Robinson Co., L. A.; for bringing you this ensemble (black, brown, blue, green; 14½ to 24½) about \$26. Celanese®



Celanese creates Acetate, the beauty fiber

look once...LOOK TWICE... **it's Jacqueline®**



SHOE ILLUSTRATED "PATCH 2"

Admiring glances come easily to this new Finessa pump by Jacqueline. Of softest pebble grained calf in tone-against-tone... piped and pinked in black. Most styles 12.99 to 14.99.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company

Two things to own



1. A CASTLE IN DENMARK

For Sale: 14th Century castle, straight out of Hamlet. Built for a count and countess in the reign of Queen Margrethe. Early Danish Renaissance style with carved doorway, tower clock by fabled Danish clockmaker. 28 rooms include count's drawing room, countess' drawing room, garden room, hunting room, lacemaking room, library where Hamlet might have paced, declaiming "To be or not to be." Wine cellar with dungeon. 100-acre deer park, carp ponds. Moats have swans which might be Hans Christian Andersen's Ugly Ducklings. \$218,000.

OFFERED BY: CHRISTIAN TOFT, ULSTRUP HOVEDGAARD, DENMARK

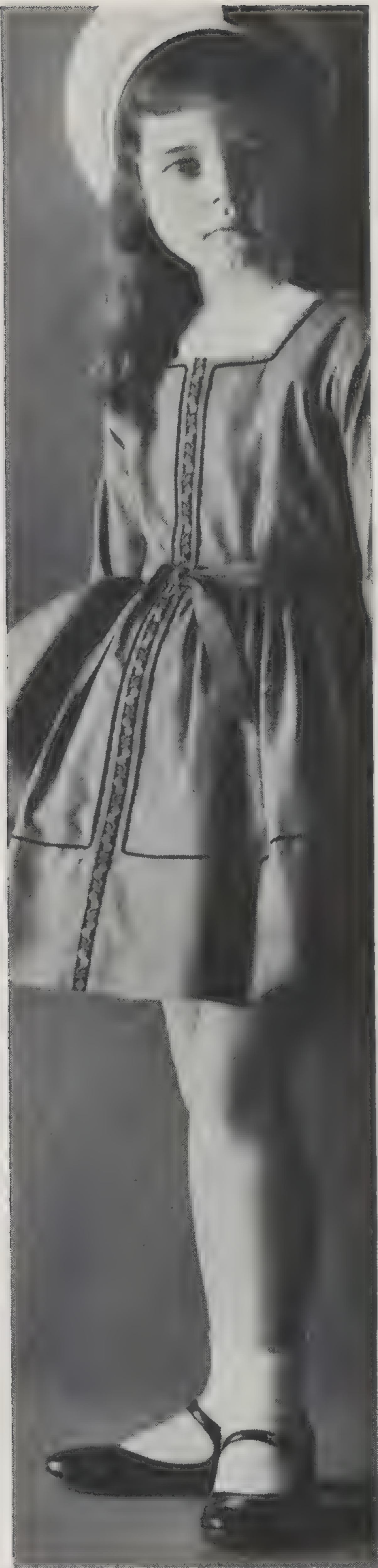
in Scandinavian:



2. THE ROYAL DANISH PATTERN IN INTERNATIONAL STERLING (MADE IN U.S.A.)

For Sale: 5-piece place setting in massive sterling silver. Strong, simple handle shafts reflect the dignity of Scandinavian architecture. Curved motif recalls the carved prows of the ancient Danish Viking ships. No detail was too much trouble for International's American craftsmen. Note the pierced, see-through centers—even in the heavy knife! Royal Danish looks regal with traditional decor—aristocratic with Scandinavian Modern. Sizeable savings on sets of 4, 8, or 12 place settings. Single 5-piece place setting, incl. Fed. tax, \$42.50.

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.



'Now off to the party! Birthdays are fun! 'Specially the presents, unwrapped one by one; ice cream and laughter, pop and applause, I'm keen about parties, mostly because . . . now, more than ever

it's time for **mary Jane**

(AS SHOWN) "CHERRY SMASH" COMBED COTTON BROADCLOTH DRESS WITH DICKEY INSET AND ATTACHED PETTICOAT. IN SLATE GRAY AND FOREST GREEN. SIZES 3-6X ABOUT \$6; 7-12 ABOUT \$8.
AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES EVERYWHERE:
ARNOLD CONSTABLE/NEW YORK FAMOUS-BARR/ST. LOUIS
FILENE'S/BOSTON SANGER-HARRIS/DALLAS
MARY JANE, INC., 130 WEST 34TH ST., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

In vogue for men: for autumn—darker brown



Two suits to wear in the city this autumn: both are brown, darkened almost to black—a colour that will make most scenes next season.

The suit above has a three-button jacket, is made of worsted sharkskin. By Botany "500". About \$70.

At Weber & Heilbroner; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's.

At the left, two-button suit with a vest. By the House of Worsted-Tex, of worsted. About \$75.

At Browning Fifth Avenue; Root's, Summit; Foley's.

The ties: above, black and gold-coloured regimental stripes on a black-brown background; left, maroon and green foulard.

Both by Wembley.

Each about \$2.50.

At Rich's; D. H. Holmes.



At these and many fine stores throughout the country

Bloomingdale's
New York, N. Y.

Bramson's
Chicago, Ill.

Blum Store
Philadelphia, Pa.

Flah's
Albany, N. Y.

Buffum's
Long Beach—Santa Anna, Calif.
Filene's

Boston, Mass.

Famous Barr
St. Louis, Mo.

Julius Garfinckel
Washington, D. C.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas, Texas

Montaldo's
All Stores

Gimbel's
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hutzler Bros.
Baltimore, Md.

Frederick & Nelson
Seattle, Washington

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205 WEST 39TH STREET
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IT'S THE BETTER WAY

Debut of a new curly-pile coat of 100% Dynel® modacrylic fiber, mink-collared



Dynel coming

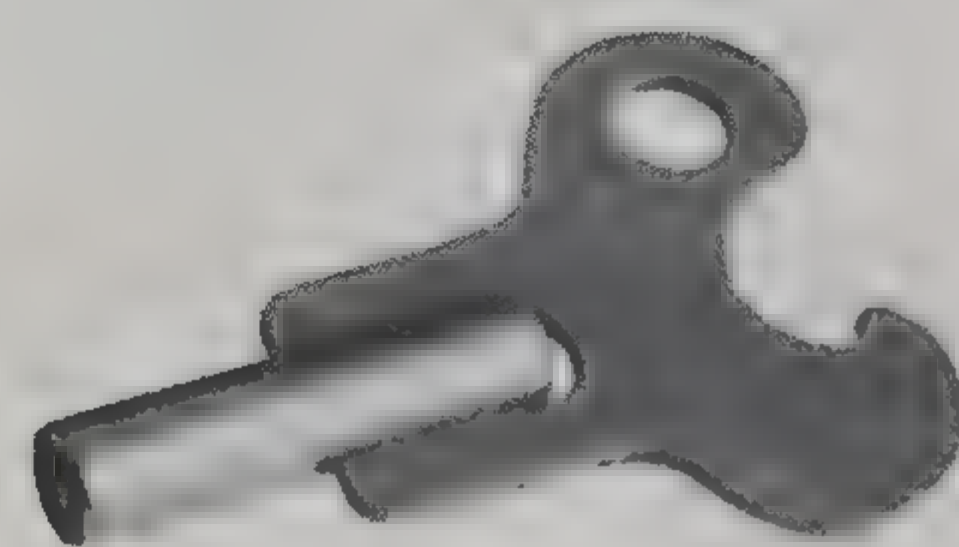


Dynel going

Fluent shaper of the spare new silhouette . . . sleekly curled new face of the dynamic pile fabric made with Dynel.



TEXTILE FIBERS



THIS IS A FASHION DOLL

(wind it up and it walks for hours)

*and you'll never even know it's there. It's so light it almost isn't. And Citations' shoe-making magic makes it cling as if magnetized. Gives it a wonderfully new Soft-Step feeling. Kind of makes walking seem like fun again. Looks like lots more than its modest \$12.95 price, too. Pointed toe or snipped toe; high heel, mid heel or walking heel at the very nicest stores like: Adam, Meldrum, and Anderson, Buffalo, N. Y.; Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis, Ind.; L. S. Donaldson, Minneapolis, Minn.; The Fair, Chicago, Ill.; Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.; S. Kann Sons, Washington, D. C.; Lit Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.; R. H. Macy, New York, N. Y.; Meyers-Arnold, Greenville, S. C.; The Outlet, Providence, R. I.; Smith and Lang, Stockton, Calif. **Citations, SOMERSWORTH, N.H.***



even if you
own a fur coat
you need a **Borgana**®

It's a long winter. A cold one, too. You'll need more than one coat to keep you warm, to keep you smart. Borgana should be your first choice for a second coat. Why? Because it's beautiful — deep-soft, lustrous, lush. Because it's mothproof. Because it's warm. Because it's everything a winter coat should be. **MODELIA** thinks it holds its own with mink. Trims it accordingly. And offers it in six rich jewel-like colors at \$140.00. **A BORG FABRIC**

BORGANA IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF BORG FABRIC DIVISION, AMPHENOL-BORG ELECTRONICS CORPORATION, DELAVAN, WISCONSIN. BORGANA IS MADE OF 80% ORLON® ACRYLIC, 20% DARVAN† NYTRIL AND IS MANUFACTURED UNDER ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING U.S. PATENTS: 2,630,619; 2,680,360; 2,709,880; 2,710,525; 2,737,702; 2,816,508; 2,934,809.

®DUPONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK. †CELANESE REGISTERED TRADEMARK



**HELEN
LEE
LOVES
ROYAL**
“O”



The knowing hand of **Helen Lee** shapes a dramatic plaid into a dress that does so much for a growing-up girl. And for her mother, too...because it's made of soft, luxurious **Royal "O"**...it almost takes care of itself. **Royal "O"** comes out of the washing machine in wonderful shape, thanks to the beautiful half-and-half blend of Orlon® acrylic and Avisco® rayon. This wonderful blending of colors, crisped with white piqué, in sizes 7 to 11, about \$18. Featured at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. **U.S. ROYAL TEXTILES**

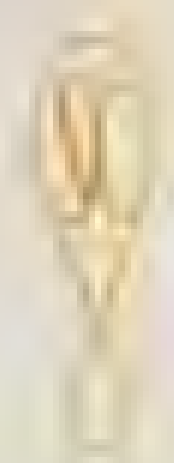




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Spin a spell of beauty...with Sarah Coventry®

FINE FASHION JEWELRY



Unlike Rumpelstiltskin, Sarah Coventry cannot spin gold from straw to save the Miller's daughter. But Sarah can, and does, work wonders with elegant fashion jewelry . . . spinning a spell of beauty . . . creating magic moments of enchantment! Why not write today for full details, including information on how you can receive a valuable hostess gift of this exquisite fashion jewelry! Address Aileen Van Tyle, Fashion Co-Ordinator, Sarah Coventry, Inc., Newark, New York State.

AS FEATURED ON QUEEN FOR A DAY-TV • SHOWN EXCLUSIVELY AT SARAH COVENTRY HOME JEWELRY SHOWS



are you a Springmaid?

are you a Springmaid?

You can see for yourself in **Joseph Love's** "Yankee Doodle" jacket dress. It's Springmaid Comeback cotton. Bright. Crisp. Tireless. The cotton that makes you a Springmaid. Sizes 3 to 6x, about \$8. Sizes 7 to 14, about \$10. Best & Co., New York and branches; Lytton's, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; J. Magnin, Northern California and Nevada. Fabric by Springmaid Cottons, 1457 Broadway, New York 36.







JOHN STEWART

New hair controls

... what to do when the body's missing

The kind of hair that takes to the new coiffures—the smoother, rounder shape—is hair that's well-managed, that has body and bounce and a soft, healthy sheen. The new look is non-curly, only slightly teased, so its body is generally the biggest problem.

For owners of dry, flyaway hair, of limp hair, there are several ways to acquire body. To begin with, there are hair-setting lotions which are also good for long-term conditioning.

For instance, Set 'N Hold, by Bonat; sprayed on before the hair is set, it supplies bounce and sheen—and longevity for the coiffure.

Hair Dew, by Restor, is a pink gel; it conditions as it builds body.

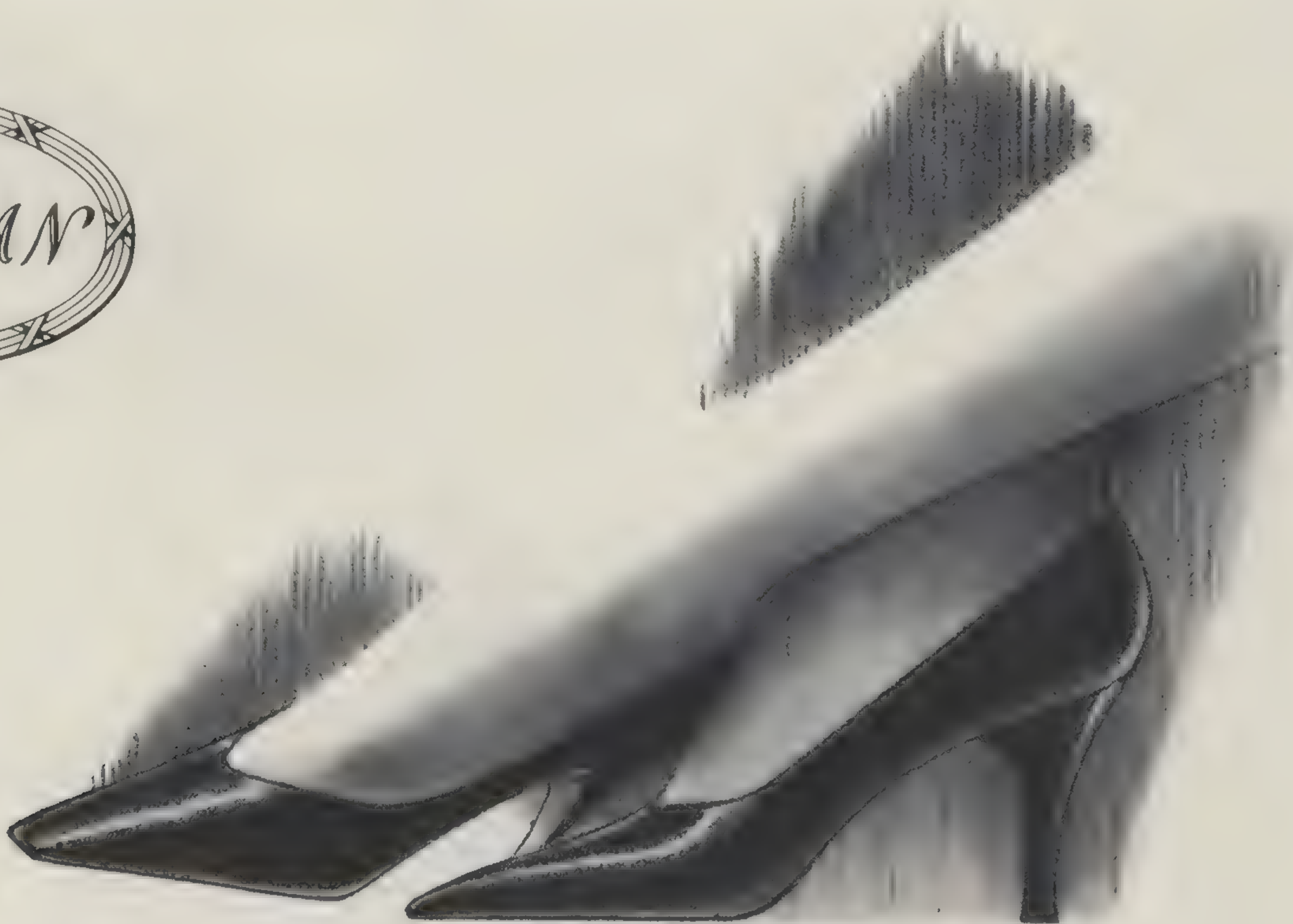
(Both these lotions are to be found in beauty salons only.)

Breckset, another gel, is marvellous for sheen and for a soft, gentle kind of body; good to use between settings, too, if the hair is dry.

New to the body-building business: lotions that unsnarl hair, at the same time making it easier to comb. Hair-So-New, by Clairol, is an unsnarler in cream-rinse form. Comb-Ease, by Modart, sprays on; it eases out tangles and helps toward a sagproof set.

Also important to hair-management: lots of brushing.

Natural bristles work best; Breck, Ogilvie Sisters, and Kent of London all make excellent brushes of this kind.



DELMAN'S DESCENDANT OF THE BALENCIAGA PUMP reveals Spanish ancestry in no uncertain fashion terms: a gallant curve of black silk slipper satin, romantic as mantillas and moonlight, balanced over a newly emboldened heel. \$37.00

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Celanese salutes Hargro for creating this supple crepe of *Celanese acetate and rayon*. It lies sleekly close to you where it should—swings free where you want it to. Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, brings the fluid ease fall fashions demand. **Celanese selects Sensibly Young Fashions** for seeing this crepe's special rightness for fall. They carve it into a smooth, lean dress that flatters your figure, paring it perfectly. They add the sleek elegance of satin trimmings, the accent of bold buttons. **Celanese thanks B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; Dayton's, Minn.; Joseph Horne Co., Pitts.; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Marshall Field & Company, Chi.,** for bringing you this dress (in black, red, teal; 38-44 or 12½-26½), about \$23.* Celanese®

*Slightly higher on the West Coast.



Celanese creates Acetate, the beauty fiber

SPANISH SPOKEN HERE

¡Estupendo! Classic P-F's®—
splendidly new—and smart
in sueded leather!

Spanish red (plus several
wonderful non-Hispanic
shades, too.) Remember!
B.F. Goodrich and Hood, si!
Other sneaker-makers, no!

PF

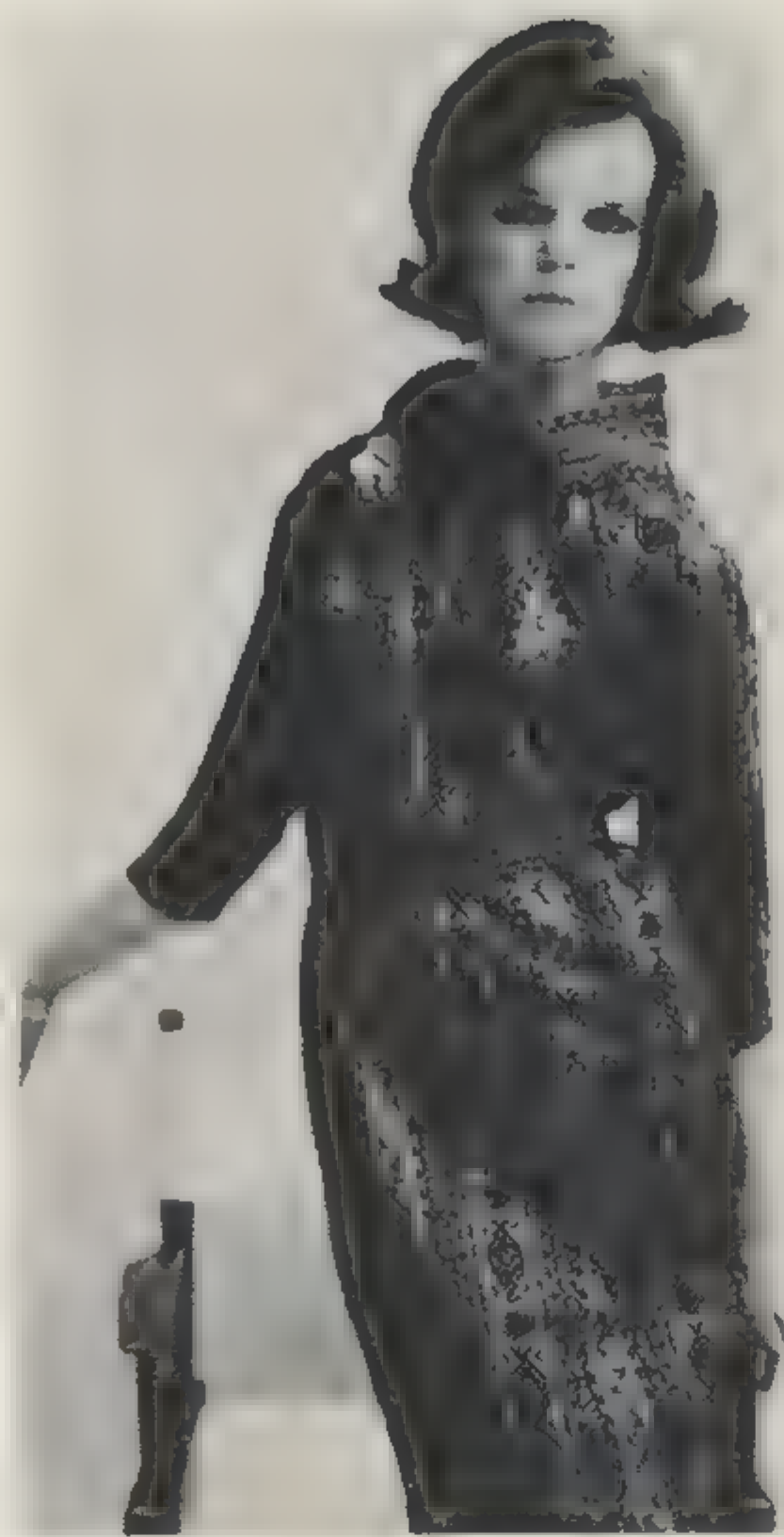


SHOP HOUND

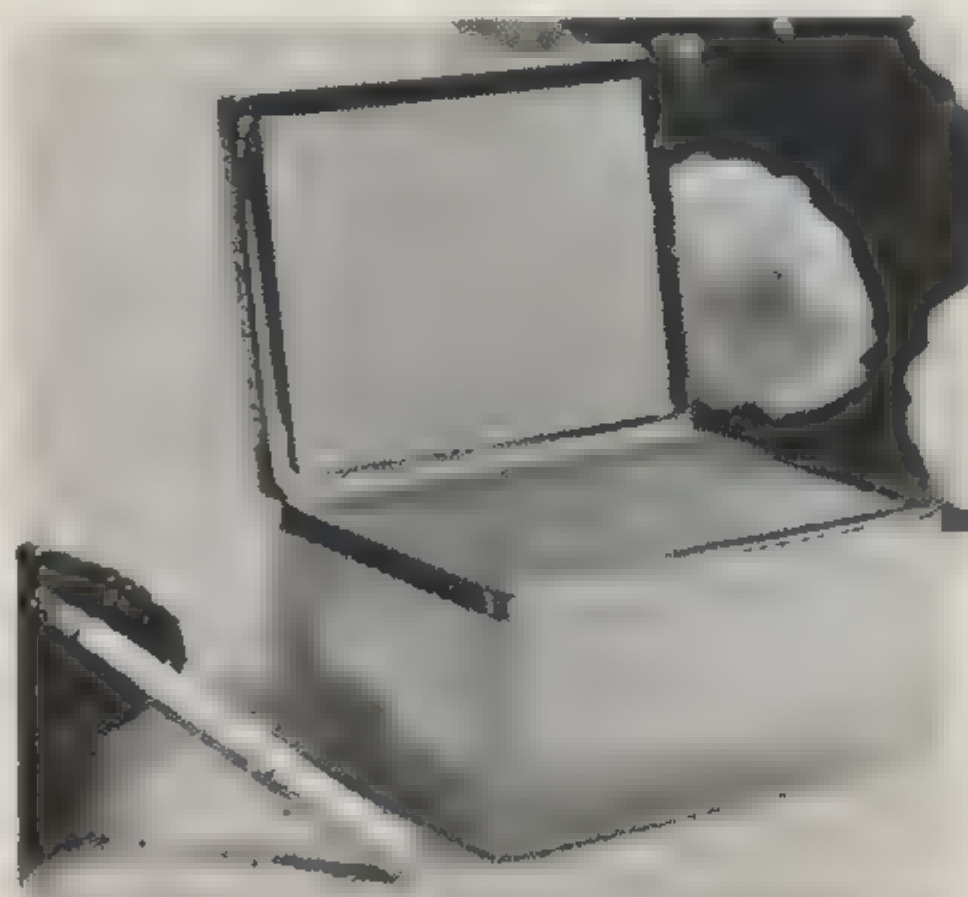
... August outlook



Cotton dress, its collar a scarf; printed in black, green, brown, and beige. To wear with or without a belt. Sizes 6-14. \$40 ppd. The Tapemeasure Inc., 710 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 22.



From Italy: an alabaster box, 2½" deep, 3¾" wide, 4" long. Colours, pink, white, lapis-blue, or Malachite Green; \$12.50 ppd. Piazza Montici, 19 East 55th St., N. Y. 22.



Striped shirt of Scottish broadcloth in blue and white, or red, yellow, and green. Sizes 10-18. \$11.50 ppd. Brooks Brothers, 346 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17.



BRIAN

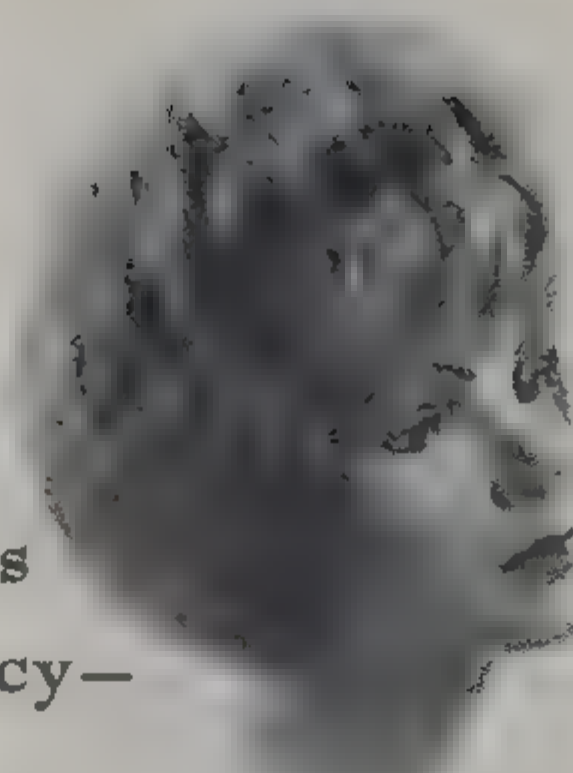
JOHN STEWART



Navy-blue flannel jumper with red shoulder-tabs; sizes 1-4, \$17.95. Navy-blue flannel shorts with red suspenders; sizes 1-5, \$10.95. Little Folks Shop, La Jolla, California.

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fashion's
new fancy—



Custom styled, of *human hair*, these wigs are a miraculously simple solution to hair problems. Invaluable for the woman who wants to look her best on a moment's notice—a joy for the active sportswoman, busy career woman—good news after a day of wind and water at the beach. When your hair won't do—or if you just want a delightful change—have this beautiful *human hair* wig ready to slip on. In your own hair shade, or any colour from \$69.95. Detailed catalog of styles and information on request. Dept. V-8

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petite scholars



Navy basketweave flannel—washable, with red suede appliqued monkeys and impeccable white blouses of arnel and cotton. Sis—2 to 4T and 4 to 6x—\$11.00. Blouse \$4.00. Brother—2 to 4T—\$11.00. Shirt \$2.00.

J.D. Couzens

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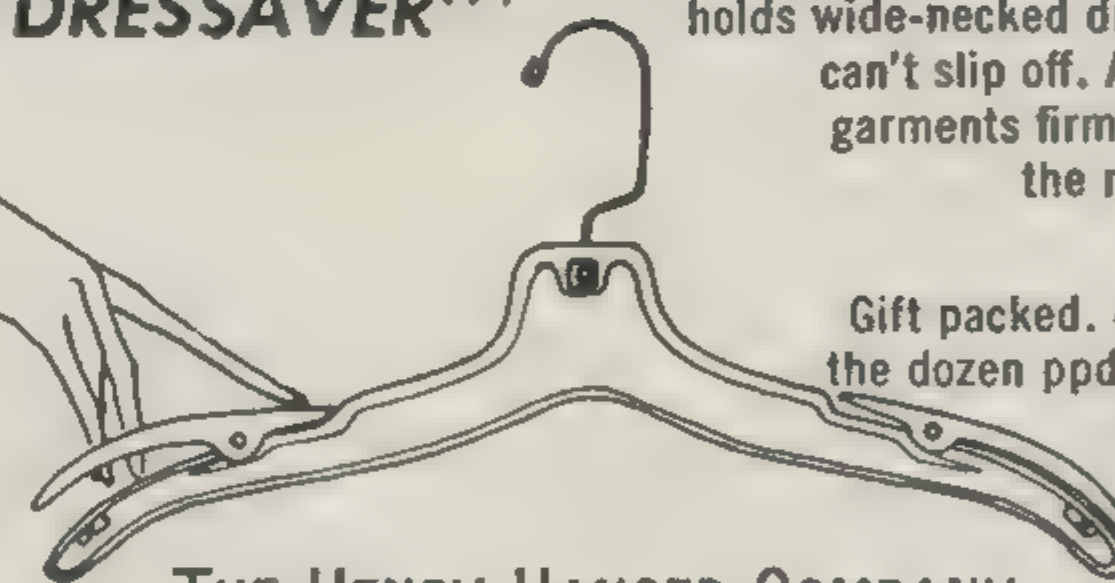
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new ideas in gifts and giving.*

NEVER PICK UP ANOTHER DRESS FROM YOUR CLOSET FLOOR!

"THIS IS DRESSAVER"*

Also a wonderful way to pamper sweaters, or any dress in your wardrobe.

Beautiful pearlized shades of: soft white, blush pink, sky blue, golden maize, clear crystal and opaque black.



THE HENRY HANGER COMPANY
450 Seventh Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

holds wide-necked dresses firmly—they can't slip off. A magic-finger grips garments firmly—felt pads protect the most delicate fabrics.

Gift packed. 4 for \$5.00 or \$15.00 the dozen ppd. No C.O.D. Please. Immediate delivery!

*Patent pending

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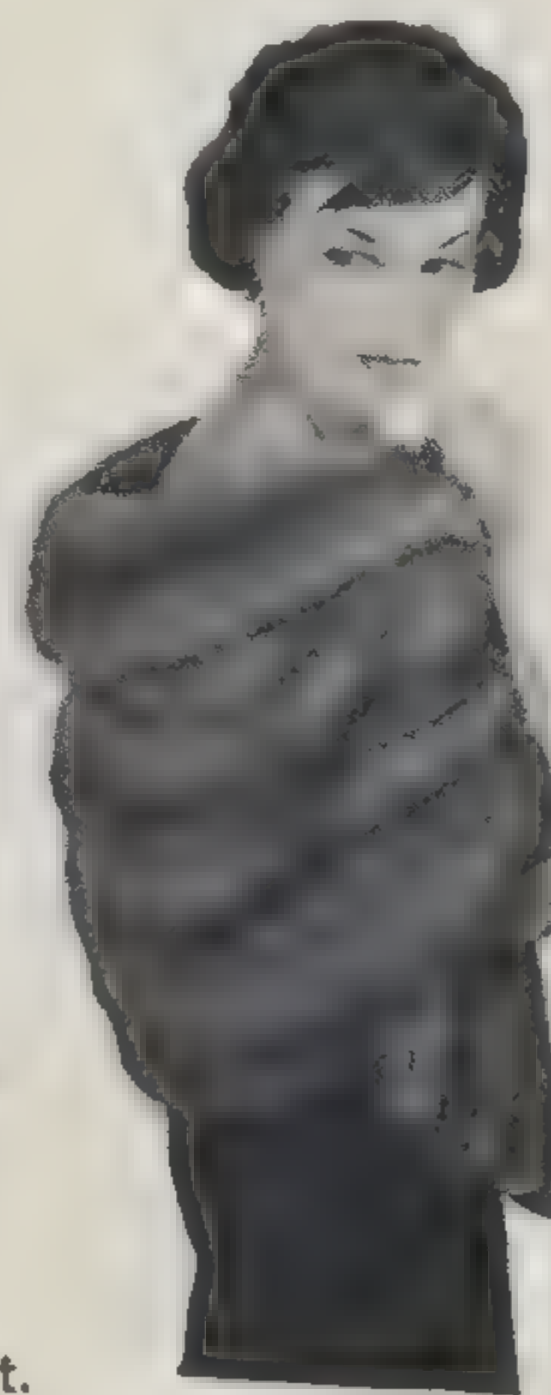
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312 7th Avenue, Dept. 29, New York 1, N. Y.



THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

(Continued from page 34)

about three years ago. I was walking along a crosstown street when my attention was caught by a young man, about thirty paces away, walking in the opposite direction and coming toward me. He was tall, extremely thin, had an enormous Adam's apple, and was staring directly at me—indeed, his gaze was riveted upon me with horrible concentration, and he seemed distraught, or angry. Almost unconsciously, I slowed my steps. He did the same. We approached each other like figures in a slow-motion movie.

Though I had no notion why this stranger was glaring at me, or what he might possibly want of me, I had an uneasy feeling that, as we drew abreast of each other, he might try to attack me. In the space of no more than a second or two, a dozen wild fancies galloped through my head: he might lunge at me, shout, swing his fist at me, try to knife me. As the gap between us narrowed, I felt as though I were being drawn irresistibly toward some dreadful brink over which I would be flung. A strong temptation to turn and run seized me, but I fought it off. Whatever destiny awaited me, I had to meet it.

Finally we were only a yard apart. Then, as I had feared, he leaped at me, like a tiger. The next moment he had both my upper arms in a tight grip. Almost automatically, I grabbed his elbows and hung on. To my surprise, I could feel him quivering. (Probably I was doing the same.) For what seemed an interminable interval, we stood there, clutching each other and staring into each other's eyes. Then, in a choked-up voice, he gasped, "Which way to the Metropolitan Museum of Art?"

Not trusting my own voice, I merely jerked my head in the Museum's general direction.

"Thanks," he said, and released my arms. At the same time I let go of his elbows. He turned and hurried away without looking back.

I watched him until he was out of sight, wondering what had precipitated that preposterous scene. I couldn't figure it out then and still haven't been able to.

Beauty care

—new package deals, some for problems

FOR TRAVEL, for present-giving: a complete beauty routine, tucked away in a pink plastic envelope, in refillable plastic jars and bottles.

The ingredients: two kinds of cleanser—a milky, moisturizing deep-cleanser and a thinner, brisker skin conditioner that stimulates as it cleans. Two overnight creams, to wear as a pair. One is foamy white; spread it on, give it twenty minutes' head start to disappear into the skin, and follow up with the other cream—silky, yellow, loaded with vitamins.

A moisturizing base—cool, fragrant—to wear under make-up (worked into its formula: vitamins A and D).

Bath perfume—a spicy blend of herbs and flowers.

All by Germaine Monteil; \$10* at Lord & Taylor.

PRE-PACKED FOR THE TRAVELLER: a two-month supply of skin-care essentials, in slim plastic tubes pocketed by a clear plastic envelope. There's a cleansing cream, a cool, lemony moisturizer, a nutrient cream of the vanishing sort (to wear at night and all day, if you like, under make-up). To follow up the cleanser, there's a skin freshener, and for baths there's a vitamin-packed lotion that's a skin-softening substitute for soap. By Jacqueline Cochran, \$7.50*, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

PIGEONHOLED IN A HANDSOME LAVENDER BOX: a three-step programme for problem skins.

First there's a special, mild soap—non-drying—to use night and morning; it's flanked by a soft yellow sponge, for massaging soap into lather. Then there's a brisk lotion, to slather on in the troubled areas, to leave on overnight.

And, for removing it in the morning, there's a custard-yellow cream that's also a moisturizer.

Kit by Cyclax of London, \$3.95* at Saks Fifth Avenue.

ANOTHER KIT organized for the benefit of problem skins combines a soap, a cream, and ingredients for a facial. The soap is the sort designed especially for oily or troubled complexions; to be used, if necessary, several times a day. The cream—minty, white—is both soothing and antiseptic, combats excess oil. For a ten-minute facial, there's a special cream, and a powder to add to it; the mixture stirs up circulation, calms problem skin. Kit by Beauty Counselor, \$4.95*.

FOR DRY OR DAMAGED HAIR, there's a new kit packed with shampoo, a conditioning cream, and a hot oil treatment.

The shampoo is pink, creamy, meant for bleached, tinted, and very dry hair. The hot oil treatment restores oil, relaxes tight scalps, and tones down strident colour.

The conditioning cream (to be used post-shampoo with or without hot towels) has proteins and emollients in it to make hair more manageable, works wonders with split ends.

By Ogilvie Sisters, \$3*, at Macy's.

*PLUS TAX



You'll find the
STYLE UNDIES
slips shown on
the opposite page
at these stores:

New York, N. Y.

BALMAIN

Akron, Ohio
M. O. NEIL CO.

Allentown, Pa.
CHILDREN'S SHOP

Baltimore, Md.
HECHT CO.

Billings, Montana
HART ALBIN COMPANY

Birmingham, Alabama
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Brooklyn, N. Y.
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LEVY'S

Tuscaloosa, Ala.
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Utica, N. Y.
J. B. WELLS & SONS CO.

Washington, D. C.
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LOVE WHAT "DACRON" POLYESTER DOES FOR ME!

Look how pretty...
and mommysays
they wash
in a wink!



SLIPS, PETTI-PANTS SHOWN: "DACRON"® POLYESTER, DU PONT NYLON AND COTTON.

STYLE UNDIES dreams up the prettiest clouds in "Dacron" polyester, Du Pont nylon and cotton. We can't resist the froth. The fancy. The dance-all-day airiness. The freshness that stays just so, on and on and on. Left: Bouffant slip, 1-3x, about \$3; 3-14, about \$4. Center: Petti-pants, 6-14, about \$2. Right: Straight slip, 3-14, about \$3. See facing page for store nearest you.

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR LINGERIE SHOWN.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Courtelle!

HANNAH TROY splashes color in a London red sheath, belts a classic suit in royal green. Both are 100% Courtelle[®] acrylic—the definitive fiber for knits.
© FROM FREEHART INC., A MEMBER OF THE COURTAULDS GROUP

Vogue's eye view: what's on the skip-it list in fashion now

Anything clamped or cramped

Subtle is the word for shape. There have never been more unbelted dresses that are easy and fluid and at the same time so figure-revealing; never so many ingenious ways of cutting clothes.

Any doubt about colour

Clear strong colours remain. Black and white superb. Bitter brown a special beautifier. Tortoise shell and amber racing on for spring.

Earrings with a lot of setting

News now: globes of pearl—white, grey, or brown—or gold; sometimes with one minute diamond. Or if you happen to have two diamonds, have them turned into earrings. The idea is to elongate the neck and glint the eye.

Nude stockings

The bare-legged look in stockings is out. Newer and wildly flattering: deep, shadowy taupes, especially with pale dresses.

Suit-type suits under coats

This is the year to forget that struggle of making the coat fit the suit. To wear instead: a jersey suit; a dress that's apt to be a long overblouse and skirt; back-buttoned, back-belted tweed; something knitted but new.

Routine fur coats

Off-beat furs are swinging—tiger, snow leopard, jag, red-fox-in-quantity. The super-furs—mink, sable, Russian broadtail—greater than ever in shapes that haven't been seen before. Sample thinking: If it's mink, make it a windbreaker or a polo shirt.

Neon eyes

No neon blue and green shadows; the subtler the better. And that line—the one drawn into the lashes of the upper lid: it better stop at the corner of the eye or go straight out to the sides.

Big big evening dresses

The great entrances at this year's parties will be made by dresses that sit, walk, dance as effortlessly as tennis dresses. Some of them *are* tennis dresses—to the ground, covered with glitter. The big-picture dress that's spectacular and nothing else is 1962's fabulous invalid.

4" needle heels

The kiss of death.

Fabric clichés

The evening dress that has been flowered faille or taffeta in seasons past may very well be thinnest wool now—narrow and close to the body, belted or unbelted. Raciest little evening look: a suit of country tweed with beaded blouse, all glitter. New dress to wear under a fur coat: suède.

FASHION TIP SHEET—

SWITCHES THAT TURN ON THE CHIC NOW

It's a whole new perspective. Good looks with an angle. What gives autumn clothes an extra flash of excitement is their new viewpoint of fashion-balance, their new sense of proportion that emphasizes you in new ways. Heads are important since hats are exaggeratedly big, or extraordinarily small, scarfs and collars important—all these, accentuated in the take-it-from-the-top-type photographs of WHAT COUNTS, on the next pages. About hats, one of the quickest turn-ons of chic now is to have one or all of the following: a high round crown, wide rolling brim (look right, and beyond), a furry or feathery material, a white or pale colour—pink or blue, a long-haired fur hood, a small-brimmed canotier, something sleek in leather—a tiny turban, a babushka. All, worn high on the brow, not back. Scarfs are wrapped high into cardigan necklines—long-necked as riding stocks, or flung wide across the shoulders in the same fabric as a suit. Lapels are excellently tailored, making beautiful curves on a carved-midriff jacket or coat. The nineteenth coat, showing an inch or so of skirt, which carries the eye up from the hem, adds to the new room-at-the-top proportions. This also lengthens legs, which are in darker stockings now, even with white or light dresses (in the new tonality-perspective, legs are in the shadow). Low-waisted coats, sometimes leather-waisted, elongate the line from shoulder to belt. Some extreme cape fullness in jackets or the tops of coats. Brace-yourself plaids with a wild fantasy of colour, or classic tartans—both often with a fuzzy surface. Black and white is everywhere—penguins never had it so good. Huge racy black and white checks, or plaids, sometimes dimmed down to charcoal and off-white, but still dazzling. (More about plaids, and fabrics in general, on pages 74-81.) Furs are fraternizing—a snow leopard cap, perhaps, with a black fox coat. Long foxy-haired furs are around in silky abundance, their skins working in wide, definite rows. The point of all this: strong looks, dashing and definite almost to exaggeration. These clothes mean to move in the world with their chic-switches turned on full tilt. Turn pages and see.

windbreaker suit

Zippered-up front. Like a lumberjacket. White-swathed throat; big rolling hat—these, party to the look. Suit, hat: Gustave Tassell; suit, beige worsted whipcord (Raimon fabric). About \$235. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.






low belt— plaid

Wide-shouldered coat. Full-length. Leather driving a touch below the waist. By Frank Gallant, of plaid wool in browns, blue. About \$185 at Lord & Taylor; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus.



low belt— camel

Cardin coat-shape. Straight, young. Low belt buttoned twice. By Zelinka-Matliek, of camel-coloured wool by Anglo; loomed in America. About \$125 at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Gloves by Wear-Right. Hat, Adolfo.



Inverness cape—plaid

Coat in country-mile plaid. Belled cape, the length of sleeves. Otherwise straight. By Jean Louis, of brown and white wool alpaca (fabric by Moreau). Fluffy white hat in rolled shape, by Jean Louis. Both at Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.




swinging jacket— plaid

Fullness—take it from the top. Swing jacket; narrow skirt. Important scarf neck. By Trigère, of red and green plaid wool; wool jersey overblouse. Pin by Roger Jean Pierre. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Gus Mayer; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. White mousse canotier.



mink polo shirt

Tab front and all. Small pointed collar, shortened sleeves. Over a brown wool dress, heaven. By Jean Louis, of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Dawnelle lambskin gloves. Hat, wide, white, feathery: Lilly Daché.



nine-tenths mink coat

**That's news. Low back belt, suède
buttons. Wrist-length sleeves.
Notched overcoat collar. Emeric
Partos design, of "Autumn Haze,"
Emba natural brown mutation
mink. Made to order at Bergdorf
Goodman. Shoes by Mademoiselle.**



big-noise checks

Suit with shape. One lone button, spectacular lapels. Black and grey-white wool checks, grey-white satin overblouse. By Ben Zuckerman. Pin by Roger Jean Pierre. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Black velvet hat by Lilly Daché.



bandanna suit

**Black and white hound's-tooth checks
(how big the hound). Scarf collar. By
Ben Zuckerman; at Bergdorf Goodman;
Julius Garfinkel; Marshall Field.
Rolling hat by Irene of New York.**



nine-tenths coat, black and white

Checks blowing up strong. Over a grey flannel shift, showing at the hem. Coat, dress by Ben Zuckerman; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Rolling leather hat: Irene of New York.



There is an ancient stone in our churchyard, it stands up tall and very narrow, more like a squared shaft of wood than a stone monument. A weathered inscription in Latin runs down all four sides recording that this is the gravestone of the mother of the man who built our church "in the reign of Owain King of Gwynedd," a reminder of those twelfth-century days before the Norman conquest of Wales when Gwynedd (roughly the present counties of Anglesey, Caernarvon, and Merioneth) was still an independent sovereign power.

"Ardwyreaf dechaf o deyrnet Pyrdein
a theyrnaf kein Ywein eur was . . ."

"I praise the fairest of all the Princes of
Britain and the exquisite kingdom of
the golden lad Owain,"

wrote the poet Gwalchmai eight centuries ago. Sovereignty is gone, but the bones of the country Gwalchmai loved have changed little. The bleating of sheep still mingles with the cry of sea gulls, for there are few tracts of country in all Europe where sea and mountains are so closely interlocked—mountains "with the sea yearning into them in long contention," as the poet Hywel (King Owain's son) puts it.

Floating becalmed ten miles offshore at midsummer I have seen all the mountains of North Wales from Snowdon to Cader Idris repeated in the sea's faintly marbled mirror; then again, I remember that wild night over thirty years ago when the "seas in their contending" burst all embankments and raced into the very heart of Snowdonia halfway to Aberglaslyn, drowning cattle and driving villagers to roost up telegraph poles.

"The shores of Merioneth where a white arm was once my pillow . . ." wrote Prince Hywel; but that night no courting couple slept easy among the Harlech dunes.

Romantic stuff, you may say, past history, what has all this to do with "living in Merioneth" today? My point is this: if you live in Merioneth, the past and (even more) the scenery are as inextricably the stuff of daily life as grocers' bills and atom stations.

Mountains? The whole county is made of mountains. Nor can

you ignore the sea, if you live where I do with boats moored just outside the garden gate; nor can you even today ignore the language those ancient poems were written in, for Welsh (perhaps the oldest surviving literary language in Europe) is still the language of everyday speech round here. We don't learn English here till we go to school.

I first settled in Merioneth as a boy, renting a one-room stone cottage for fourpence a year and repairing and furnishing it out of my whole savings of nearly £5. Once a tiny dame school, when I found the cottage it was used for storing leaf mould. Clearing this out revealed that a spring rose under the fireplace, wandered across the floor and out at the front door (some day—I decided—I must persuade it to run *under* the stone flags instead).

The windows had no woodwork, much less glass (presently, perhaps both could be won from some derelict cucumber frame?). But really urgent was the large hole in the roof, moreover it was doubtful whether the roof would bear my weight to mend it, so I began the job from inside, and when the hole became too small to take my head and shoulders any more I got the last slates fixed from outside by a child less than half my weight—instructing her from within through what was left of the diminishing hole.

My "furniture" was a really noble kitchen table, two backless oak

chairs from somebody's woodshed, and an iron spring mattress one end of which rested at night on the kitchen table and the other on the windy windowsill . . . with that little brook meandering underneath.

The windows still gaped innocent of wood or glass and the indoor river still meandered when in my pride I invited a childhood friend of my grandmother's (an old man just returned from Nigeria to get his rheumatism treated at a German spa) to visit me. My guest slept on that precarious "bed" poised between wind and water while I roosted in a loft. It cured his rheumatism; in the end he never needed to go to his spa at all. Apparently only dampness is bad for rheumatism, and real running water under the bed is a positive cure.

Since then I have been a fair average nomad, wandering for years about Europe and North Africa and America; and since then I have married; but I have never been without at least a *pied-à-terre*

" I LIVE
WHERE
I LIKE "

BY RICHARD HUGHES
THE AUTHOR OF THE BRILLIANT NEW NOVEL,
"THE FOX IN THE ATTIC"

in Merioneth, and indeed, except for the years our family spent at Laugharne, I have always had my headquarters there.

Wild goats still roam the mountain where one of these houses stands. This house, though small by English standards, had once been one of the historic mansions of North Wales, the centre of a large estate; but what *some* tenants might consider a drawback was that it had last been modernized to celebrate the Restoration of Charles II.

I soon found, however, that for easy living this was no disadvantage at all. In fact, for easy living give me ancient conveniences every time! Modern labour-saving appliances take so much labour just keeping them up to their job of saving labour. But here I could snap my fingers at power-cuts, and the water pipes could not freeze since there were no pipes.

A modern tiled bathroom is about as cosy as a fishmonger's shop; but *I* could take my bath in real comfort in front of the open kitchen fire—and there is no luxury greater than sitting in a hot bath in front of a roaring fire (though I doubt if most of you have ever enjoyed that privilege); frying the bacon with one hand while you sponge yourself with the other.

Breakfast finished, too, I had only to spill the soapy water over the stone floor and chase the suds out of doors with a stable broom (saving one bucketful to pour down the stairs, of course), and my house was clean in a time no vacuum cleaner could rival.

Indeed, there is much to be said for a house consisting of nothing but stone and oak, especially for a bachelor writer whose mind is likely to be on anything but household chores; his house requires little attention because it contains nothing that can go wrong (except his own Muse, and that, of course, can play him up anywhere on earth).

But then I married, and when the war came we harboured six small evacuéé children from Birkenhead in that simple house along with our own. Coming to it from “nice” Birkenhead homes in high-heeled shoes and their best clothes, they were a little bewildered and shocked at first, and tottered when they walked on rough grass.

But the great thing—it is commonly said—about that Evacuation was that it taught half the world how the other half lives; after twenty-four hours they were all as merry as crickets there, running barefoot with our own children on the mountainside and ducking themselves in every waterfall they could find; or playing hide-and-seek in the haunted attics in the dark (apparently more than the ghosts could stand, worse even than holy water; since then, even the black hell-hound with flaming eyes which guards the buried treasure outside seems to have disappeared—the effect of too much patting, no doubt).

The house my wife and I live in now, however, is no ancient one; it was built by the headmaster of a famous grammar school in 1912. But fortunately he spent his money on space rather than frills; the house wears few of the stigmata of 1912 and is long and

plain and white. It is built just above high tidemark on the shores of a sandy estuary, and the tide orders our lives.

We calculate the tides carefully before we accept an invitation to lunch or we may have to swim there with our clothes on our heads and dress in a rabbit hole on the other side. Maybe you *can* walk now where you sailed an hour ago—but if you linger too long you will be lucky if you don't drown.

Certainly children can't grow up spoilt under the tutelage of the inexorable sea . . . “That horrible beastly brute of a tide has taken my jersey!”; the cry might be poignant but you can't wheedle the tide, and engraved on all our hearts is the motto—“Remember Canute!”

From the windows of the library where I am writing I look straight across a mile-wide river-mouth to the wooded Portmeirion peninsula with the whole bare Snowdon range as a backcloth behind it, and the view never palls because it is never the same. When the tide is in, the foreground is all water—turbulent or calm; when out, all tawny sand; but whether sand or water the colour varies every minute with the shifting cloudscape above.

Even the skyline of mountains behind is constantly changing as a low cloud smudges out sometimes one peak, sometimes another. Perhaps that view is most beautiful of all in winter (when tourists never see Wales and the hotels are shut): imagine that foreground water, still and glassy under a bright February sun, reflecting the dark, low-lying peninsula with behind it the whole sunlit mountain range glittering with snow against the sky—all seen the right way up and then repeated in the water upside down.

This is a lonely house. When we first came to it just after the war there was no road, nor even legal access for anything on wheels except along the shore; stores too heavy to be humped had to be brought by boat, then enthusiastic children of all ages would start carrying them up to the house, but as enthusiasm and strength waned would drop things helter-skelter till the beach looked like a shipwreck—and the incoming tide licked its lips.

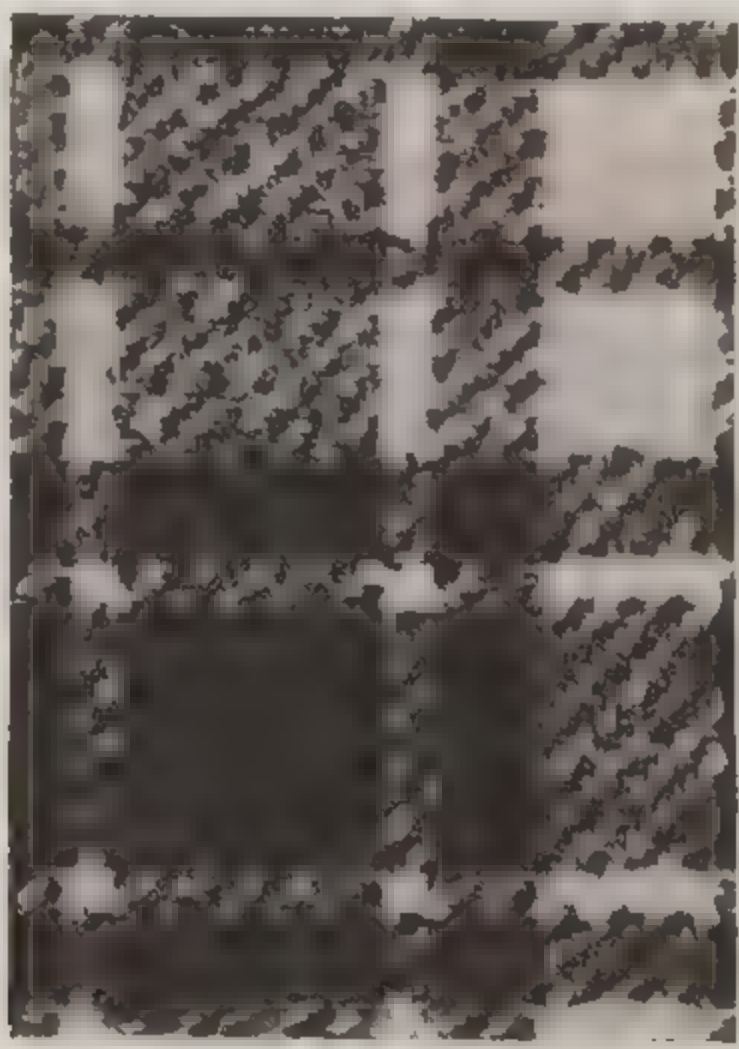
But with young stomachs to fill in those days of shortage one could at least set nets on the sands and perhaps catch thirty pounds of fish in a single night, there were rabbits to shoot and wild fowl, cockles to be combed out of the sand, samphire growing on the saltings, and blackberries on the cliffs. There was almost no garden nor any decent soil, but there was seaweed to make soil and, of course, the children's pony helped (at least while she stood in the stable, we gardeners found her rather less helpful when she got out).

Soon we had soft fruit flourishing and even a vegetable or two . . . more tobacco, moreover, than I could smoke—or perhaps wanted to, for the tobacco I grew was hardly up to the standard of what our late American Colonies produce.

One prime advantage of the writer's way of living is that wherever he goes he carries his Head Office with him (in his head) and his Plant clipped inside his breast pocket, so he can live where he likes. Except for the war years I at least have always been able to live where I like—which is in Merioneth.

Sneak preview

New fabric impressions of fashions coming in strong



Black and white news—an airy shadow-plaid of mohair-and-wool; by Chantal.

An early swatch-watch, here, of fabrics that are making the big clothes-news now—and a season from now. No dull times on this watch—textures have exciting new topography, colours have liveliness-in-depth, even toned down no-colours have—like their cereal origins—fresh snap-crackle-pop. Reds are arrogant, often pinked, with no qualms about mixing with each other; browns are bittersweet, mahogany, burnished toward amber and redwood. Which leads to the red fox colours—tawny, hazy, strawberry blondes and brunettes. Graininess is greatness

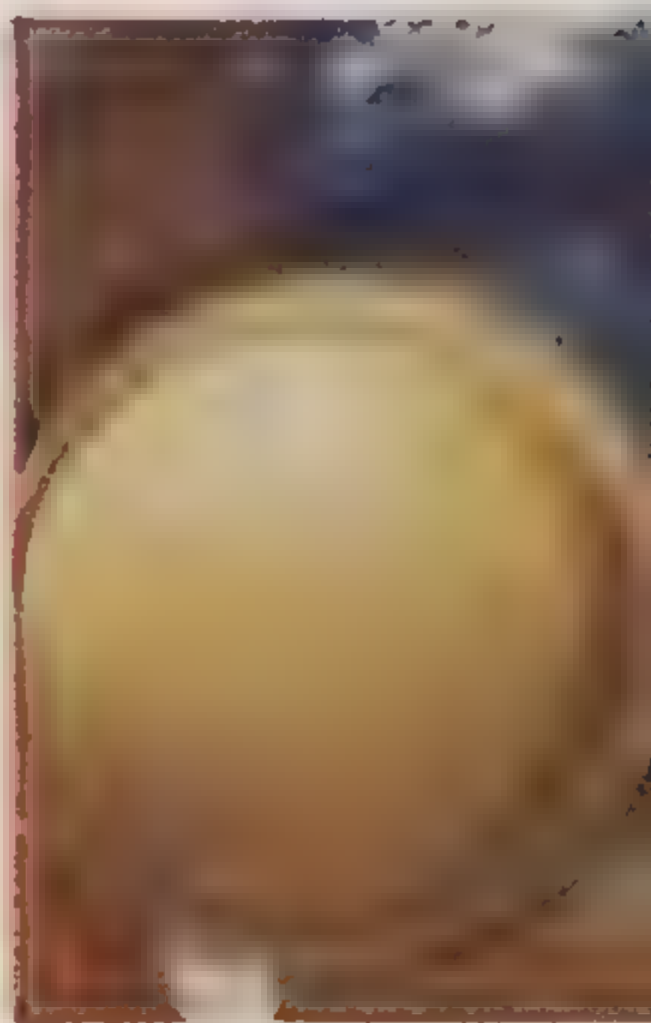


Scarlet, black, beige: one of the season's brighter plaid looks. Wool by Stevens.

now, two ways—in a flattering harvest of wild-rice greys and greiges, in subtle, sandy textures that apply themselves to beautifully supple dresses. Tweeds go through thick and thin together—fluffy threads mixed with finer ones, giving a big-knitting-needle look. Many fabrics look as though they had been puffed and fluffed by a hairdresser—though, for all their airiness, the woven basis for these is firmer and stronger now. Some coat-and-suit fare is velvety, downy, with a soft, Melton-like density, or the napped crispness of duvetyn. All, on these next pages.



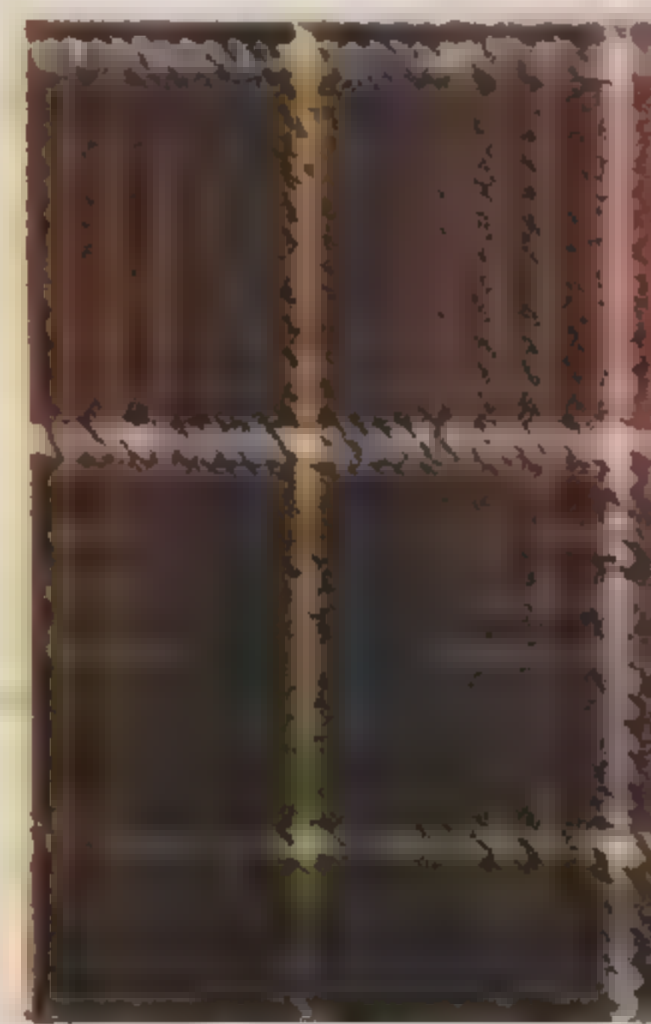
All photographs by Gene Laurents



Red and near relatives—orange, pink, squared off with purple. Wool plaid by Len Artel.



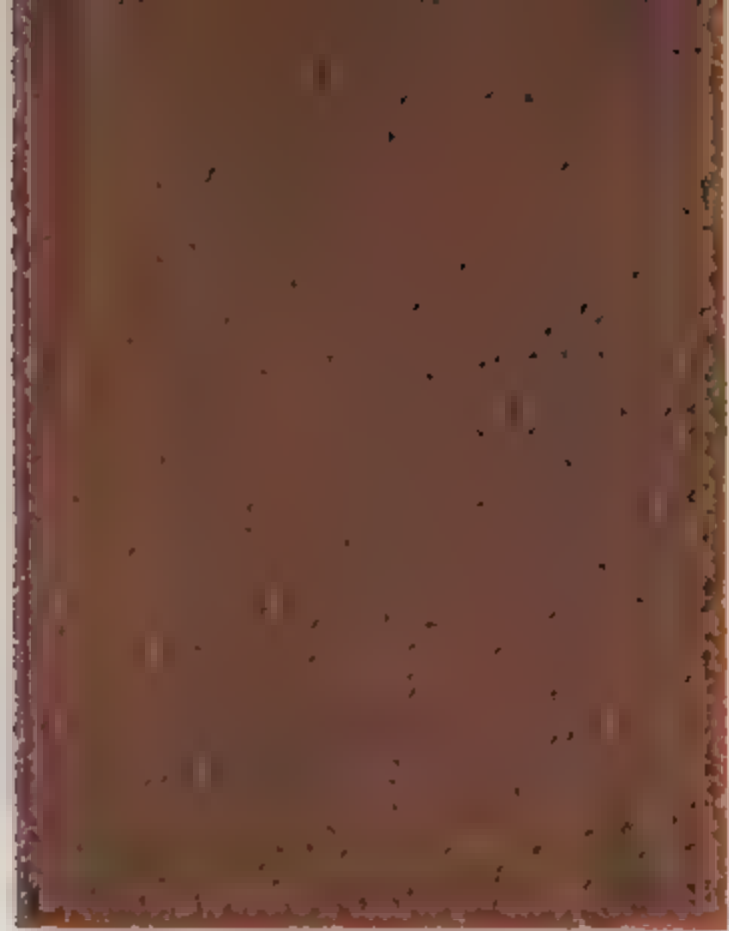
Left: - Mulberry and orange-red plaid coat. By Originala; Stroock mohair and worsted (loomed in America); at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. (After September 1.) Kidskin hat, made to order by Halston; at Bergdorf Goodman. Run-shy stockings: Foreva, by Gotham Gold Stripe.



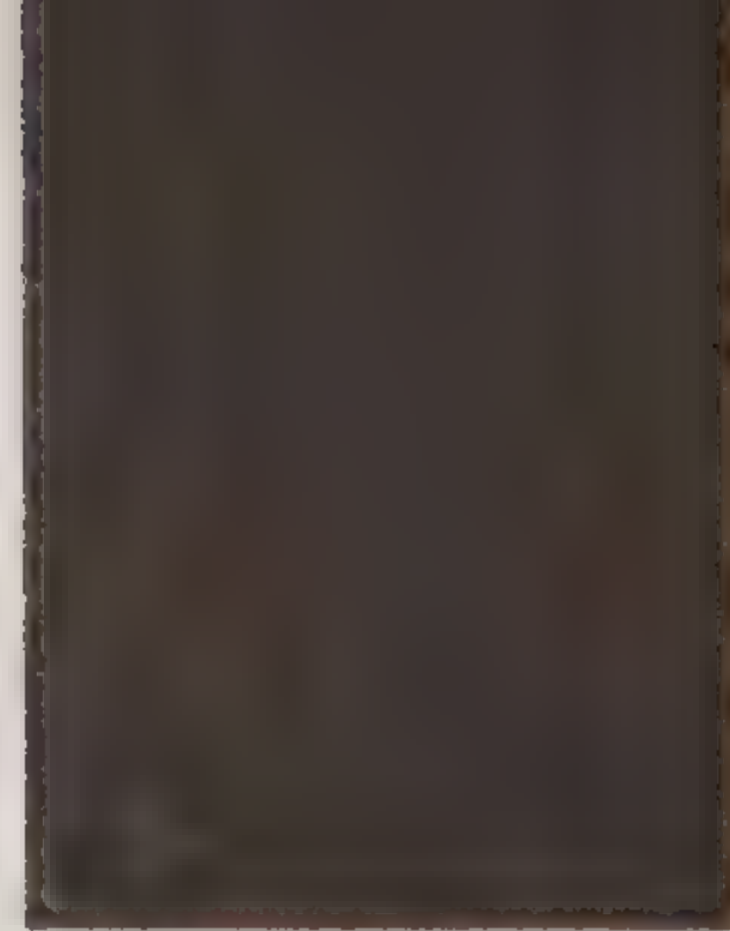
Garnet setting for plaid, traditional but suddenly fresh now. Wool by John Barr.



Mohair lace, in amber;
's equal parts mohair
nd air. By Max Gross.



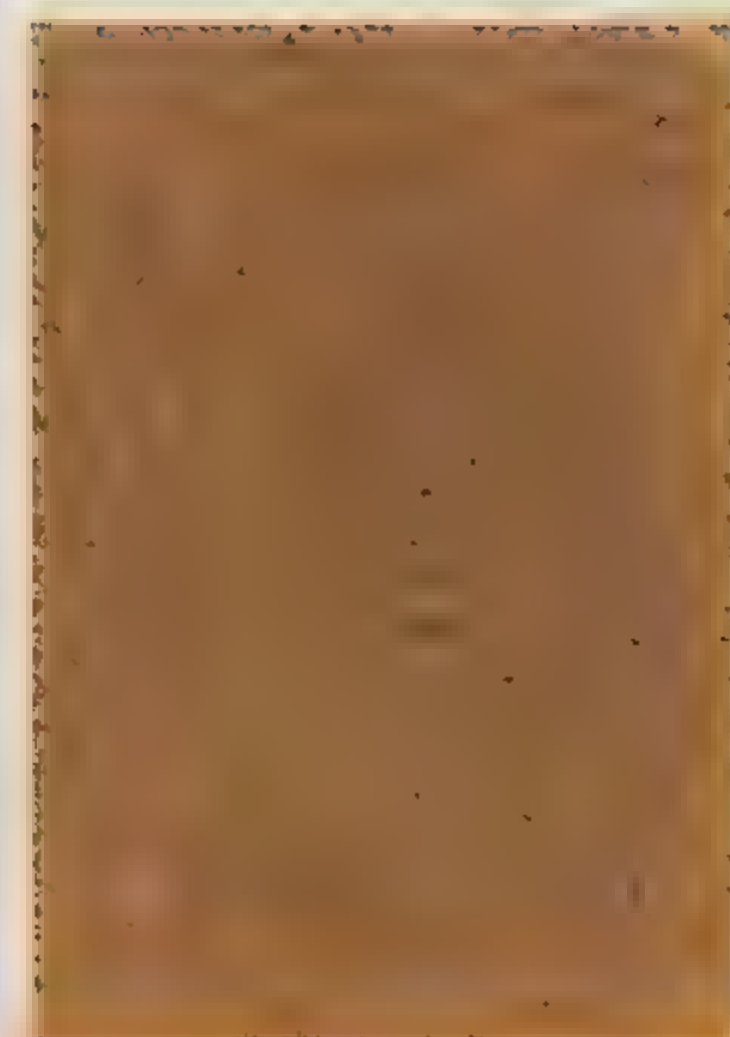
Coppertone tweed, grainy,
a crisp, firm wool-and-rab-
bit-hair blend. By Lesur.



American walnut, with
depth and denseness.
Wool tweed, by Anglo.

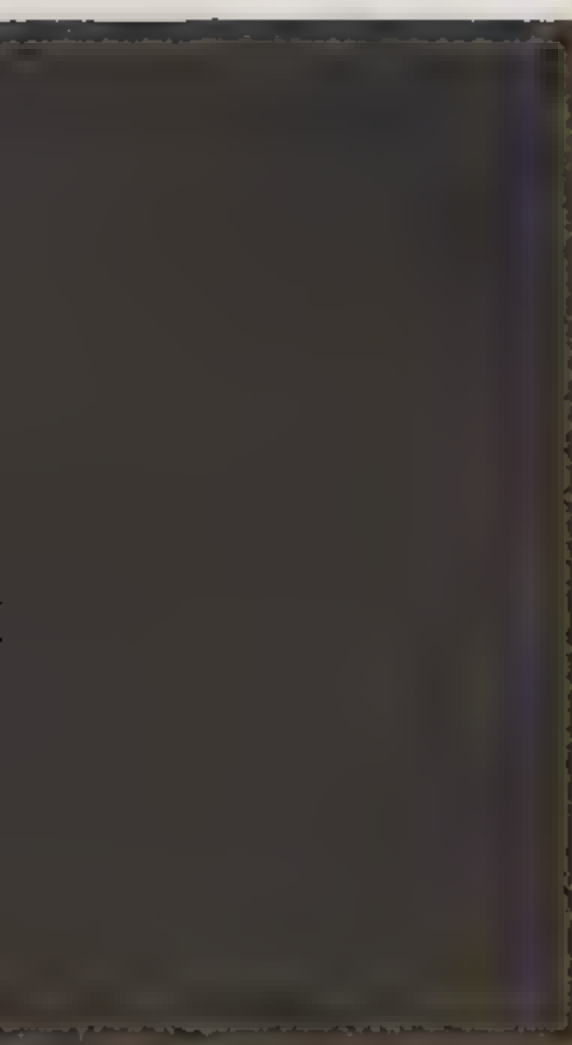


Bark-textured tweed, a dark,
bittersweet-brown wool
(American fabric). By Anglo.



Thicket of goldenrod, a
lofty, diagonal wool-and-
worsted blend. By Blin & Blin.

The quick red fox, mahoganies, wood browns



Frosted brown jersey,
double-knitted, very
dark. By Alamac, made
of Orlon and wool.

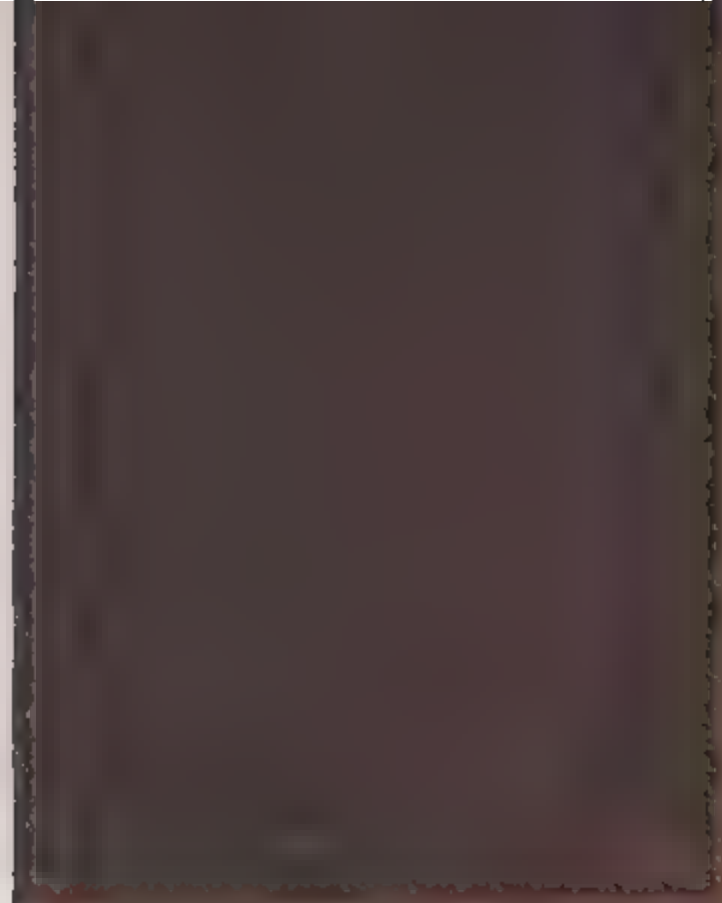


Brown and black nubs, a
subtle, shadowy wool plaid
coating. By St. Andrews.



Checks, redwood, black.
Cross-hatched wool coat-
ing. Fabrics by the Rings.



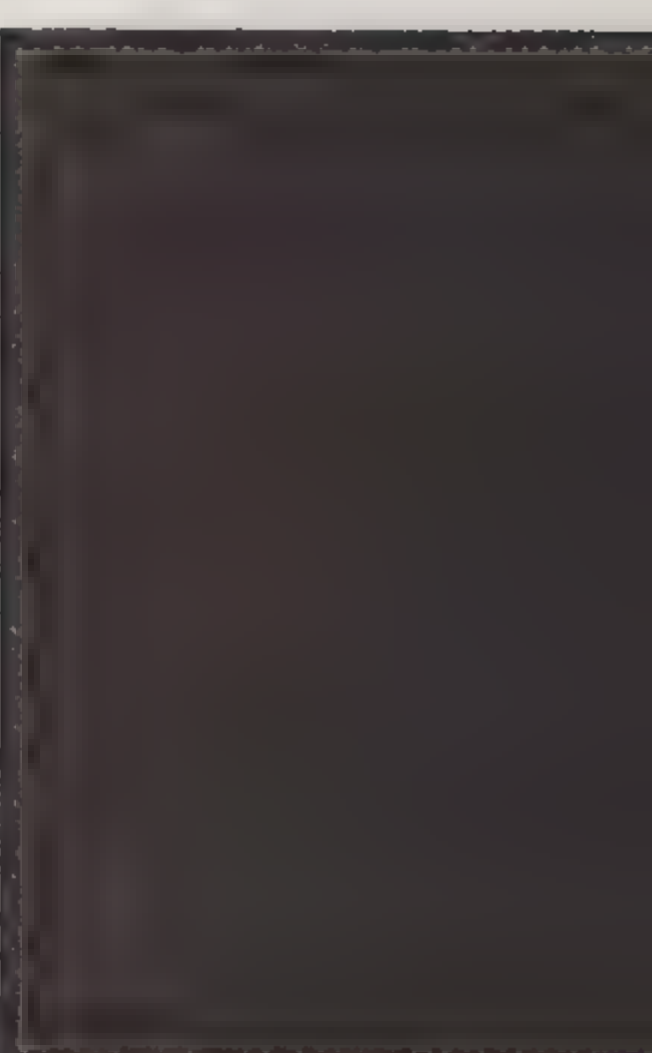


Dress brown, double knitted—Acrilan with denser texture. Milliken fabric.

Chemical vicuña, of Arnel and Fortrel. By William Winkler.



Grained mahogany crêpe, a supple worsted dress crêpe. Fabrics by the Rings.



Grainy jersey, brown, closely-knitted of Courtelle. By Heller.



Dark, deep coffee—wool takes a fine ribbing. American fabric by Raeford.



Cocoa-bean plaid: camel and white on chocolate. American wool, by Bellaine.



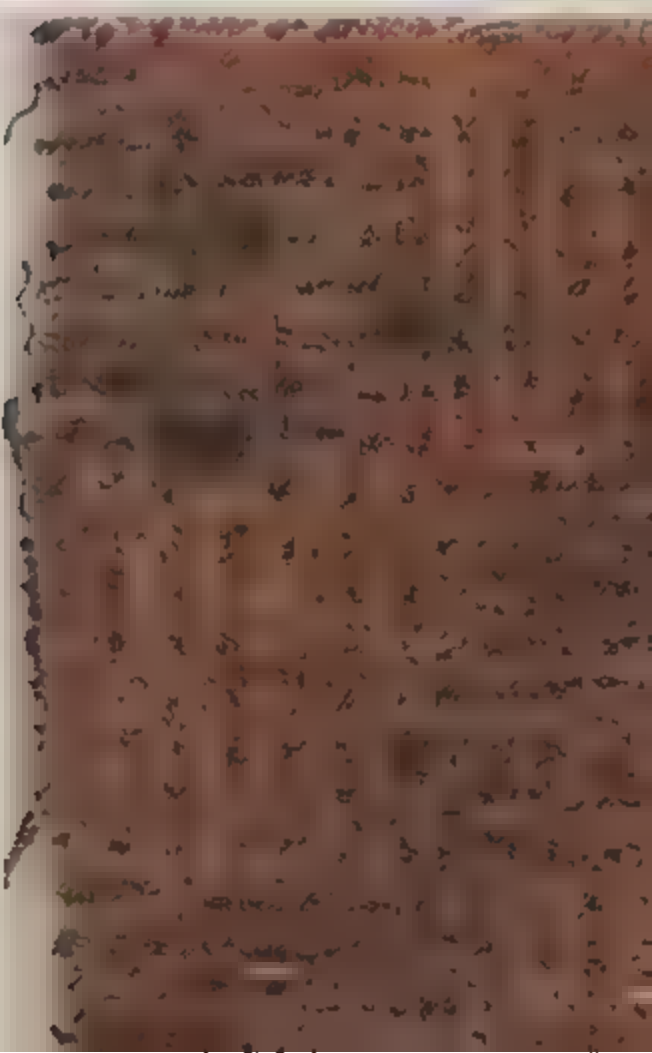
Clouded amber shearling, a pale, deeply fluffed and puffed wool fabric by Anglo.



Red fox, napping—a tawny, sleekly-fleecy wool-and-fur-fibre blend. Stroock fabric.



Red fox, haystack tweed—a thick-and-thin wool. By Chantal.







Claret colour, close-looped, a tapestry look in new wool tweed by Forstmann.



Stretch corduroy of cotton and Chemstrand nylon, in bright red; made by Cone.



Crisp mulberry twill by Forstmann. Pink wool by Siret, Cornet, Besson.



Fleeced raspberry, a pinked red, short-haired. Stroock fabric of Orlon Sayelle.



Flaming velveteen in cotton, for dress or suit; by Amity.



Basketweave red worsted, American-made. By Ria Herlinger.

Printed velvet in pinky reds; cotton and Avisco rayon blend; by Martin. Cerise fluffed wool coating by Worumbo. Loomed in America.



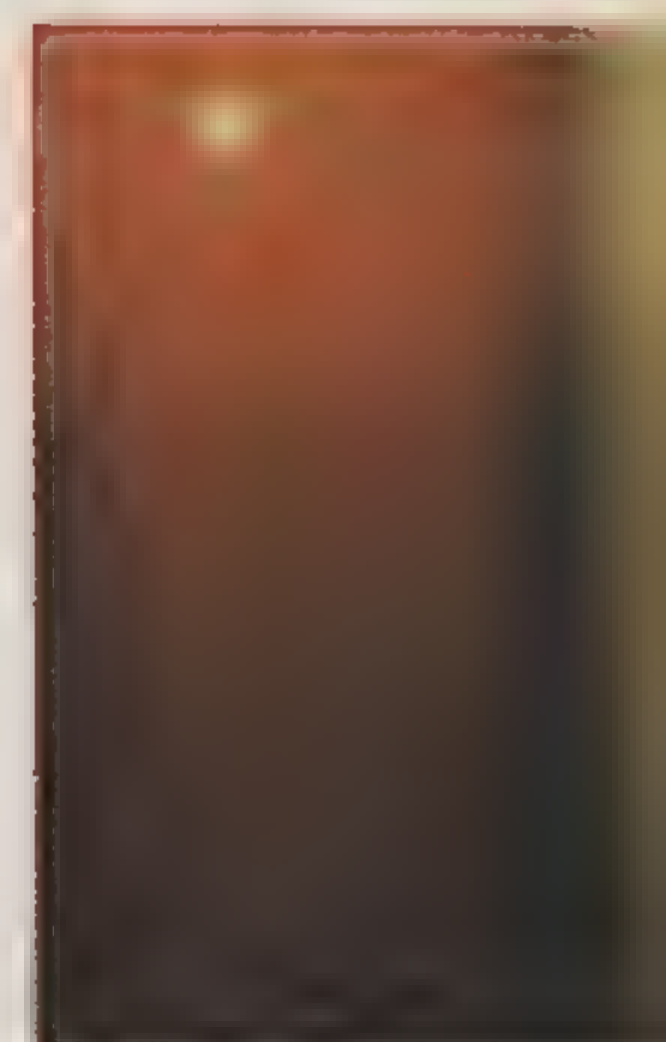
Reds, coming in strong



Striped broadcloth in many mixable reds, of wool, Fibranne, and nylon; by Raimon.



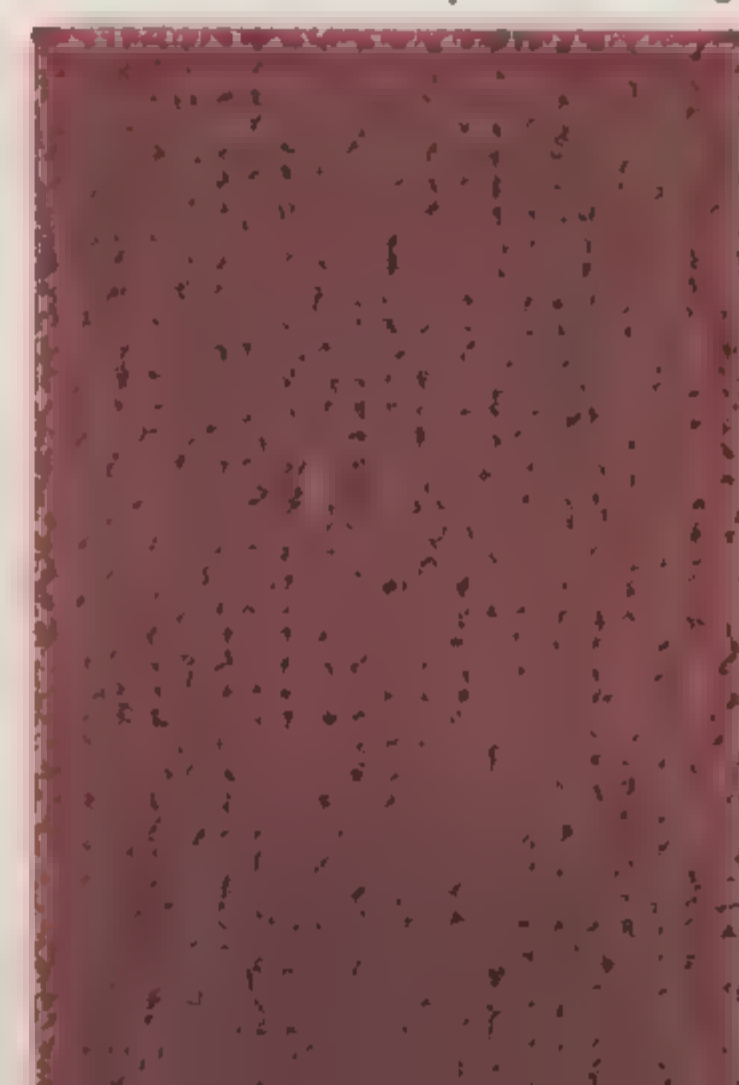
Dense fleece, cranberry red—rich, non-bright, soft. American wool, by Anglo.



Opposite: The fur hood—amber-lit flattery in red fox, worn here with a flared three-quarter length coat of the same fur. By Georges Kaplan, of Siberian red fox. Foxy red lipstick: Angel Red, by John Robert Powers.



One of the arrogant reds—double fleece for coats, firm, dense wool by Bellaine.



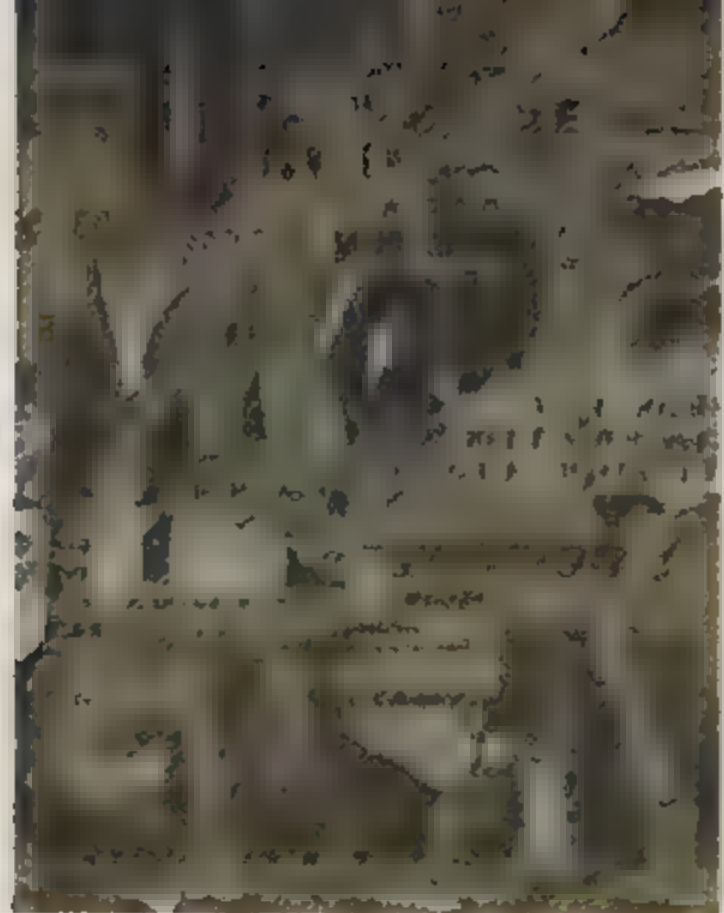
Cobweb tweed, ruby wool with some laciness, new firmness. Fabrics by the Rings.



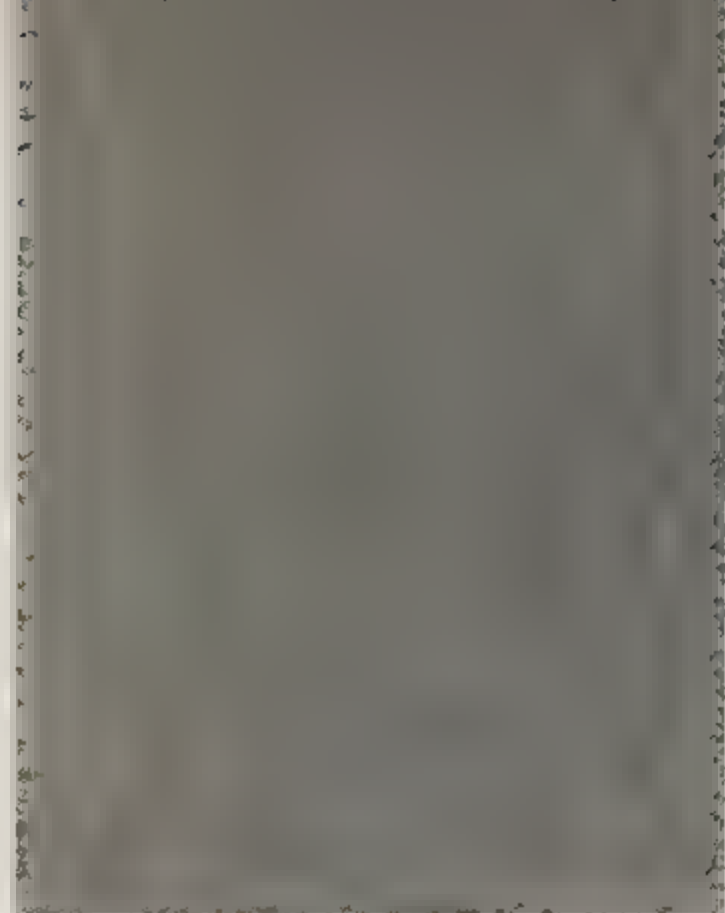
Downy felt-ish wool in fuchsia, coating by Siret, Cornet, Besson.



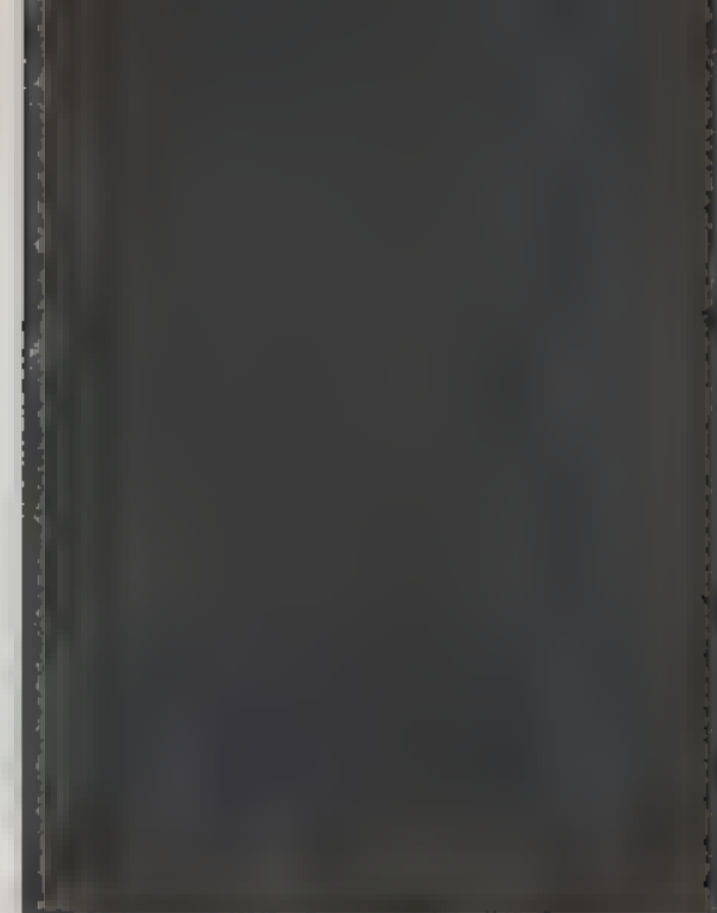
Oyster cotton corduroy—very-much-in, wide-waled. By Crompton.



Stone-grey coating, dense, dapple-coloured, of wool and fur fibre. By Einiger.



Slate-grey flannel of soft wool, chiffon's the weight. American, by Forstmann.



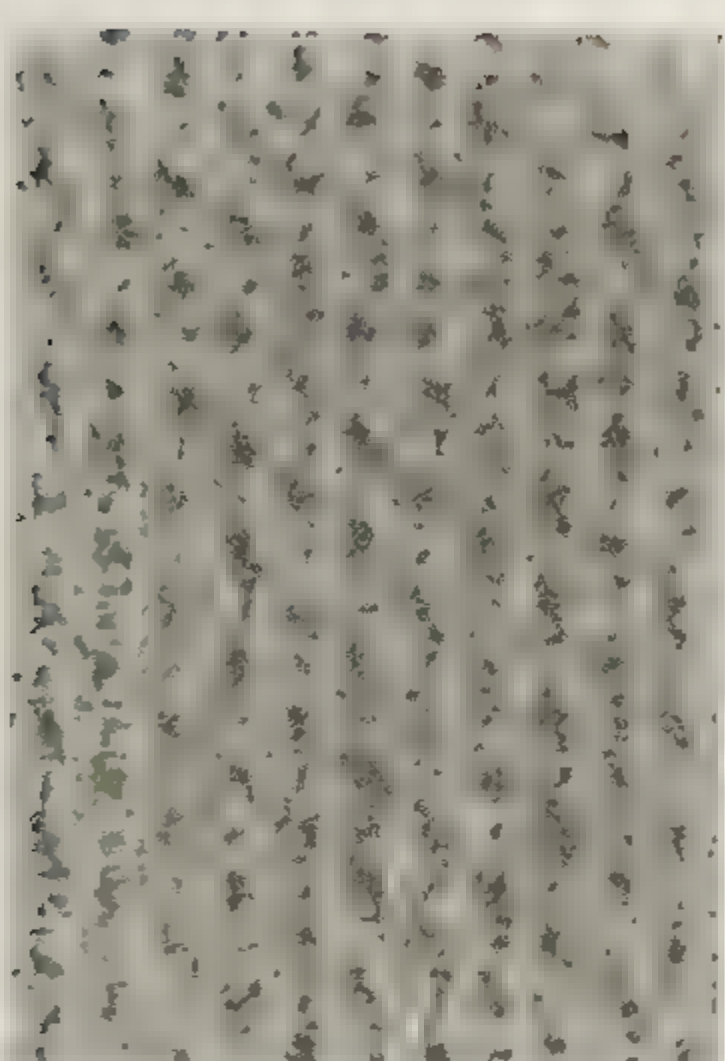
Airy tweed, black and white, a blend of wool, silk, mohair, Fibravyl. By Staron.



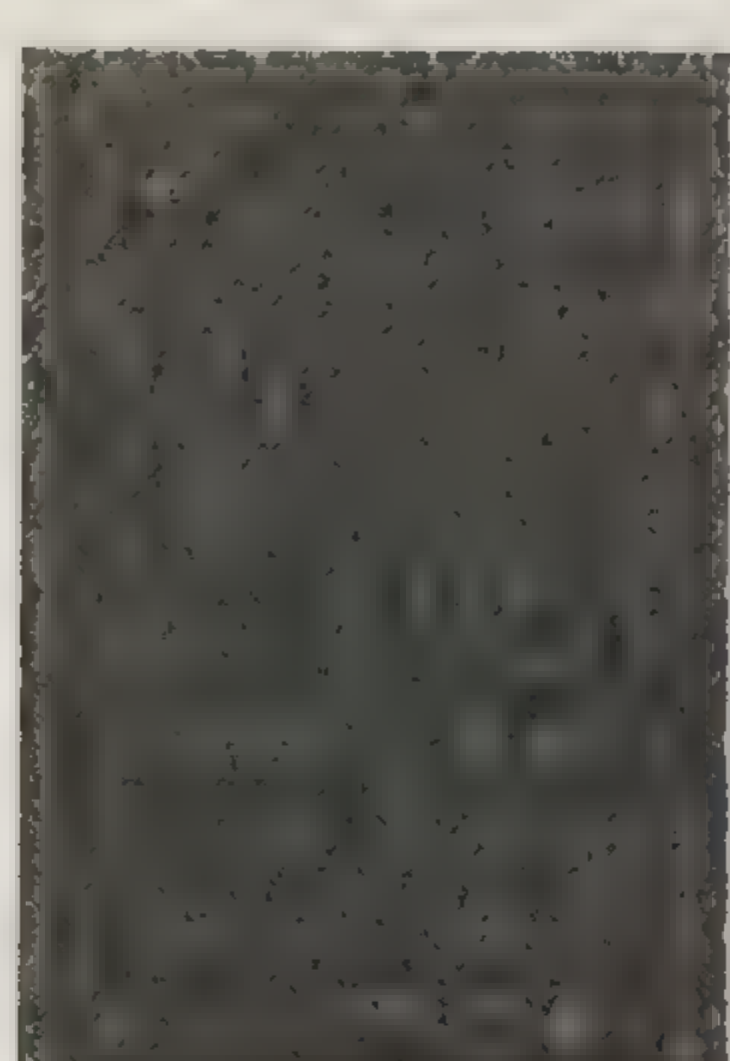
Ivory white double-knitted fabric of Creslan—new no-colour zip. By Fair-Tex.



Nubs, taupe and white, wool, fur fibre. Loomed in America by Forstmann.



Furrowed wool tweed in wild rice no-colour, for coats. By Bellaine; made in America.



Wild rice, oatmeal, new stony greys



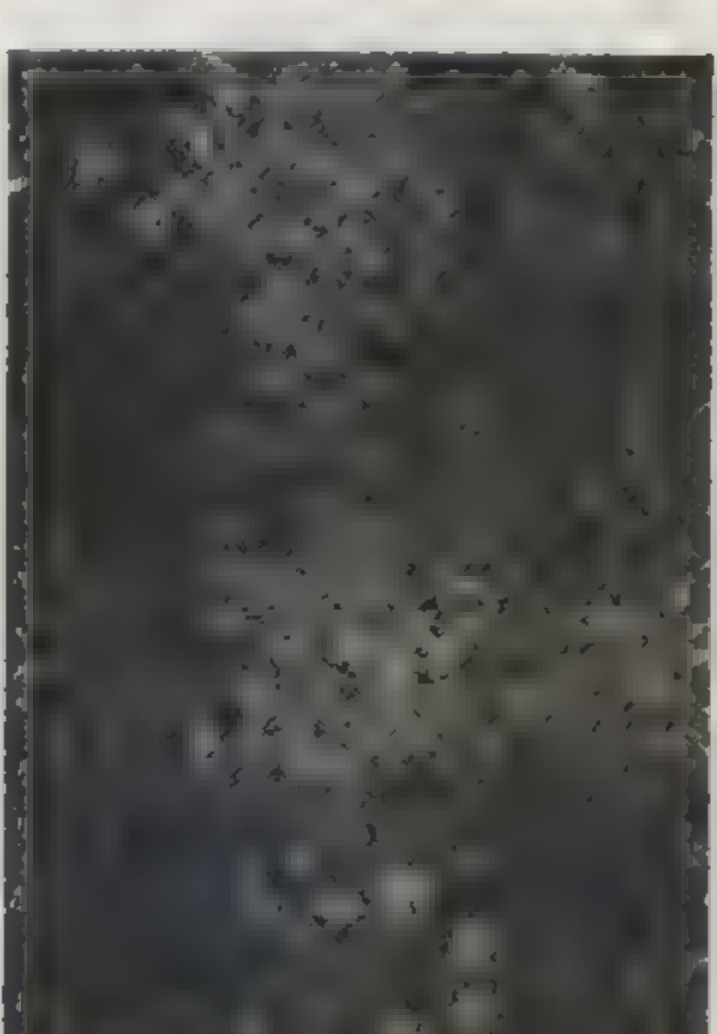
Loopy oatmeal tweed of wool and viscose, grainy. By Berroco.



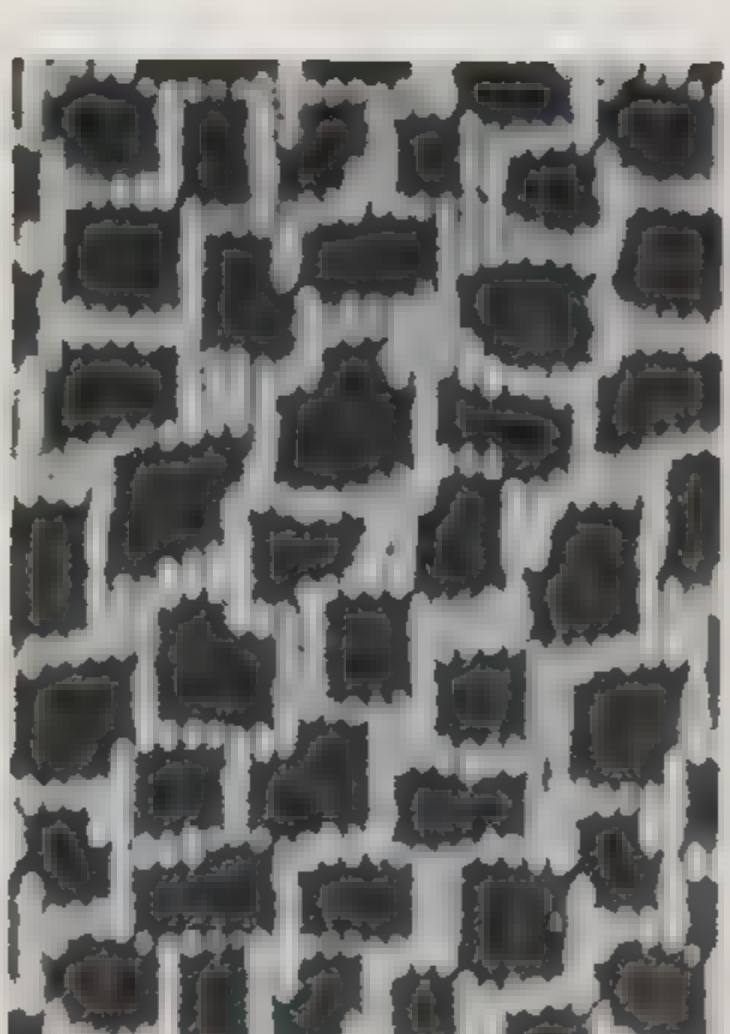
Wild-rice colours in wool plaid—dash now for dresses. Made in America, by Stevens.



Dappled charcoal jersey, crisp and frosted; wool and Mousbryl. Made by Jasco.



Grey-brown shadow plaid, of wool and cotton, with curly hair. Made by Stroock.



Mosaic tweed, lightweight, a blend of wool, silk, mohair, and Fibravyl; by Staron.

Feathery tweed of mohair, wool; squirrel grey, white. By Chantal.



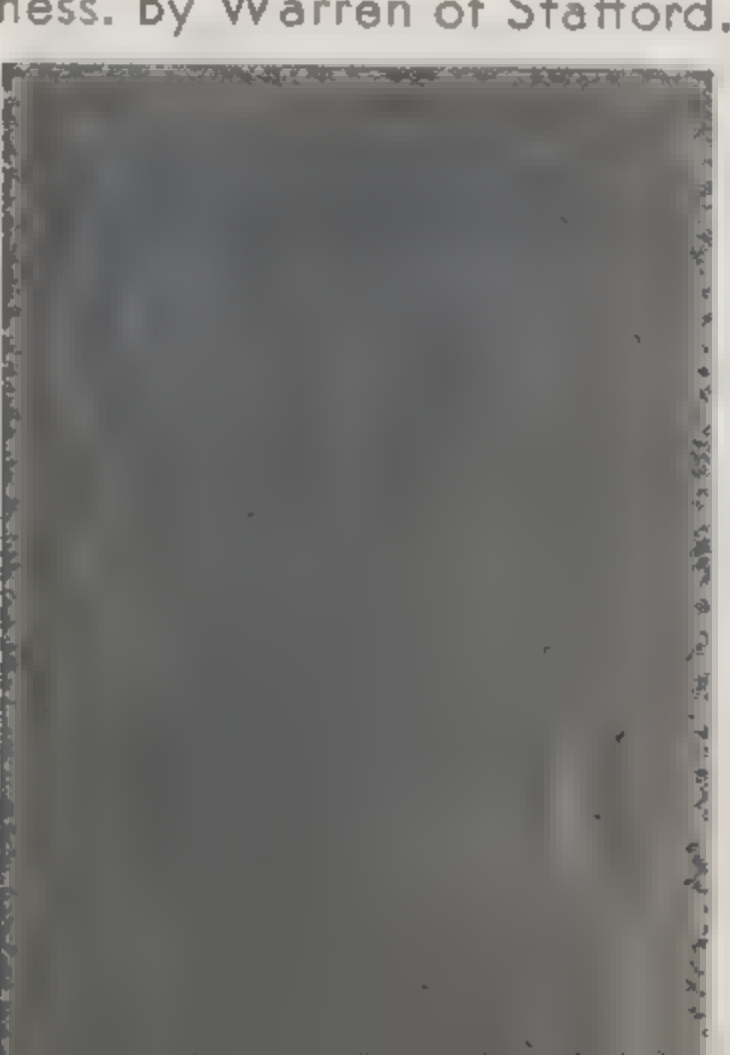
Driftwood colour, smoothed furry fabric, a wool and fur fibre blend. By Milliken.



Flecked black, grainy popcorn-textured suiting, a wool-and-Orlon blend. By Anglo.



Pewter-grey American fleece in wool, woven with new firmness. By Warren of Stafford.





Deep grey-and-grey plaid, closely woven, of solid wool. Made by Bianchini.



Double-knitted Oxford-grey fabric of new Zefkrome yarn. By Lebanon.



Right: The hood idea here in the pale tawniness of snow leopard. In the same frame, a straight-lined snow leopard coat. By Reiss & Fabrizio, Tibetan fur. Sun Bronze lipstick: Charles of the Ritz.

Knitted-looking soufflé on silk background; wool, silk, mohair, Fibravyl. By Staron.







PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ADVANCE NOTICE

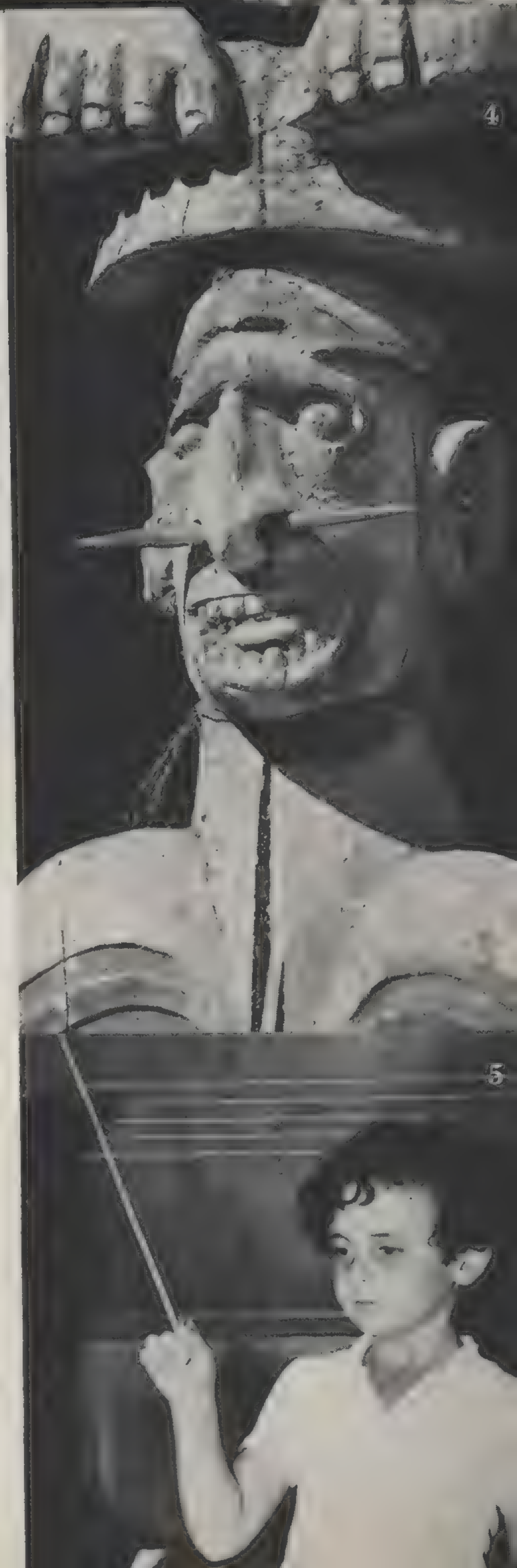
lithe look, the kind of slow-voiced drag that made the round-figured Marlene Dietrich an exploding shell in *The Blue Angel* years ago. This year Miss Schneider did it in her own contemporary, this-minute way in *Boccaccio '70*, against the full-breasted power of both Anita Ekberg and Sophia Loren. She has, moreover, a kind of clean-lady beauty with carefully careless honey-brown hair, pale aquamarine eyes of intense clarity, forthright eyebrows, and the born ability to sit half-naked at the telephone without appearing too undressed. Those qualities—which put her promptly into a leading part in the new movie made from Kafka's *The Trial*—add up to an endearing kind of lazy vivacity. In both *Boccaccio* and in private life, she wears Chanel clothes superbly.

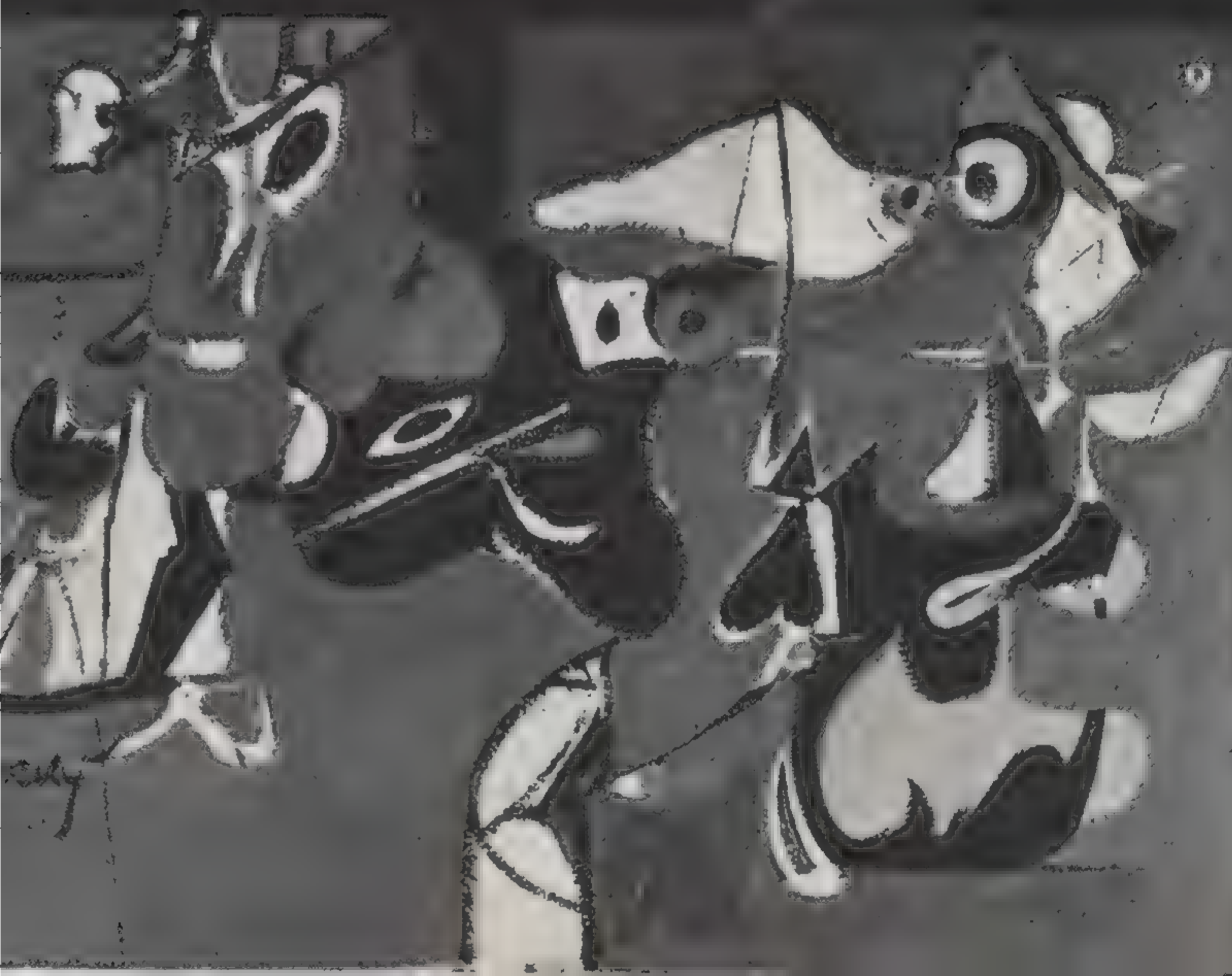
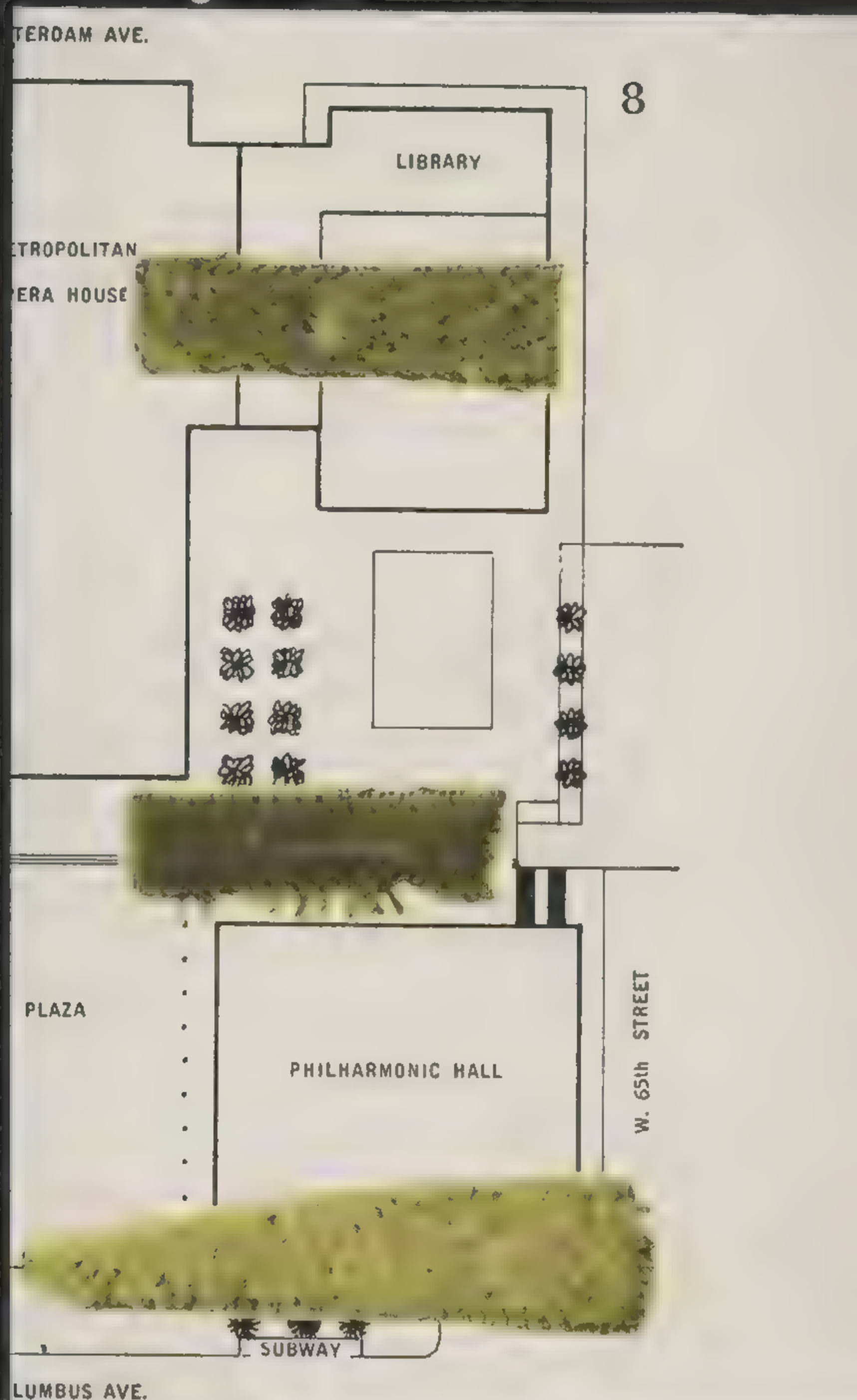
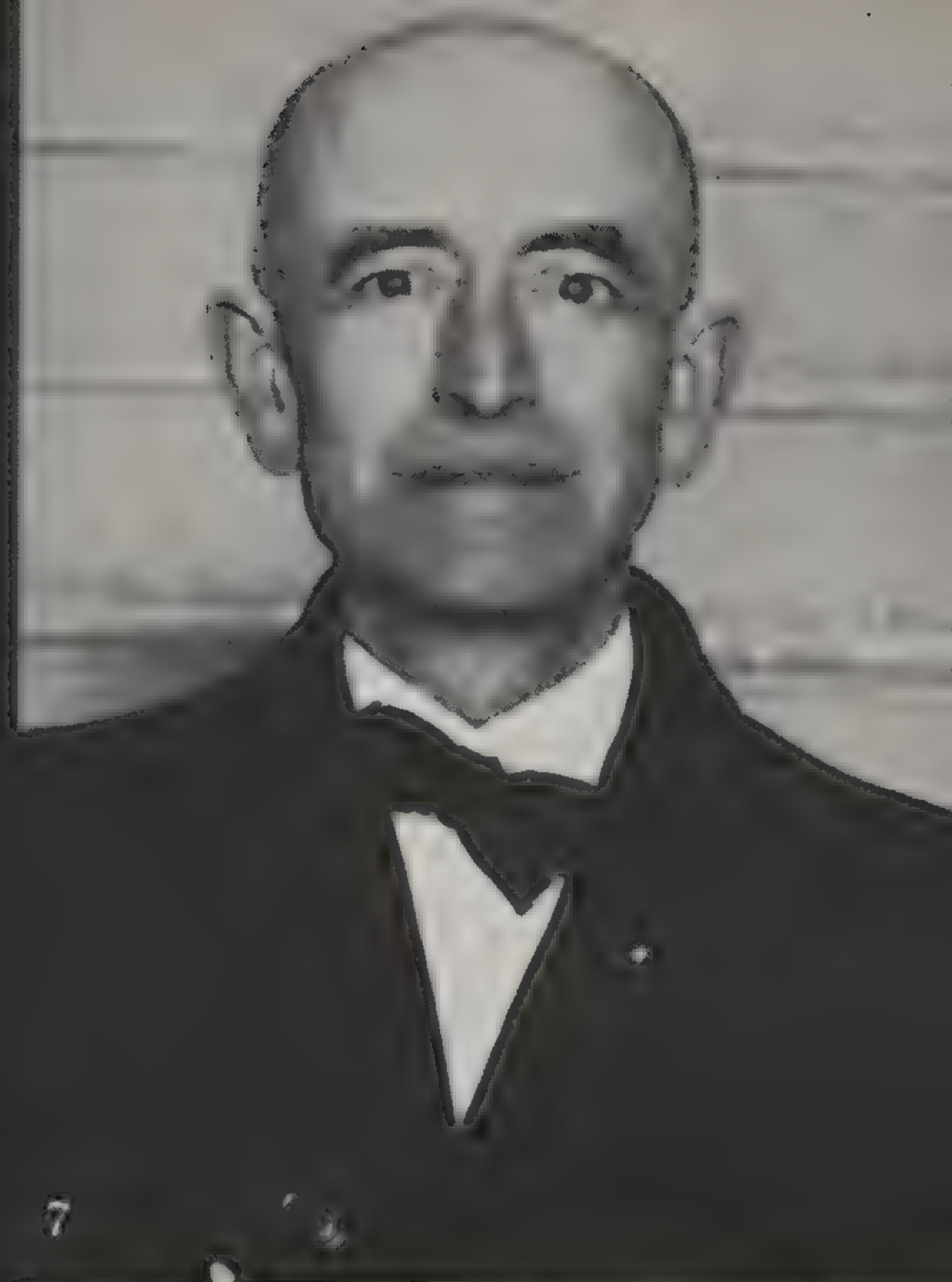
2. IRVING BERLIN, who is a particularly agile seventy-four and has written the happy score and lyrics for the new political musical, *Mr. President*, undoubtedly the pre-season favourite entry. Surrounding him are such wily minds as Leland Hayward, its producer, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, its bookmakers, and Joshua Logan, its director. The show will open in New York late in October after some fancy road work. *Note:* Somewhere along the way a belly dancer gets into the plot and will stay there at least until Boston.

3. IRINA DEMICH, who is a young French beauty, playing the only female rôle in the new Darryl Zanuck movie, *The Longest Day*. It will open in New York about the middle of October and will settle the question, "What was Irina doing on Omaha Beach?" Before this film excursion, Miss Demich starred as a model in Paris for Givenchy and Dior.

4. ASMAT FIGURE FROM THE MICHAEL C. ROCKEFELLER COLLECTION. This extraordinary Papuan carving is one of the two hundred pieces assembled by the late Michael Rockefeller for New York's Museum of Primitive Art. The whole New Guinea collection will be housed in a special pavilion of the museum; the exhibition dates are mid-September to November.

5. LORIN MAAZEL, who was a happy child prodigy, a conductor who even pleased Toscanini. Now at thirty-two he pleases audiences all over the world, has a prodigious concert schedule. This winter he starts off on October 1 at the new Philharmonic Hall of Lincoln Center conducting the French National Orchestra; later he will do fifteen performances for the Metropolitan Opera and then take on the New York Philharmonic Symphony as a guest conductor. He is temperamental, too.







12



13

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

6. BARBARA HARRIS, a distinctly curvy not-very-redhead with a genius for throwing the kind of curve which wraps up an audience, who walks this year into the lead of that most secret, waited-upon, promised-for-winter production: the musical collaboration between Richard Rodgers and Alan Jay Lerner. The show was, this summer, shrouded in so much secrecy that the CIA might well have been doing the press. At one point not even Miss Harris knew the name, the idea, or her own rôle. Oblivious, she kept on doing what she had been doing, shatteringly, since February: playing the pink-and-white baby sitter who, off-Broadway in *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*, every night seduces the play's hardened collector of stamps, coins, and Oedipus complexes.

7. MANUEL DE FALLA, one of the master composers of this century, whose oratorio, *L'Atlántida*, will be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company to celebrate the first weeks of the new Philharmonic Hall, died in 1946 in Argentina before he even finished this work. Based on the epic poem by Jacinto Verdaguer of Catalonia, *L'Atlántida* takes place during the pre-history of Iberia, near Cadiz where De Falla was born. He once wrote to a friend: "How happy I am; I have written the music for the entry of Hercules in the garden of the Hesperides."

8. PARTIAL PLAN OF LINCOLN CENTER, with Philharmonic Hall and, superimposed here, the three shades of plush for the auditorium seats. Starting September 23, New York's music life will converge on the new hall—only those musicians with broken legs will be, apparently, out of the picture. A great, travertine-columned structure, the Hall was designed by Max Abramovitz, with three acoustical experts on hand, and now waits for the deluge of criticism from the enormous number of distinguished conductors, composers, critics, and performing artists whose advice was thoughtfully asked and not always acted upon.

9. "GARDEN IN SOCHI," BY ARSHILE GORKY, the great abstractionist, who will have a blaze of an exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art, starting December 7 and lasting for two months before it goes on to Chicago and Washington. A gaunt, curious-eyed Armenian who came to this country in 1920, he died twenty-eight years later, famous among some artists but mainly unknown to the public.

10. PETER DUCHIN, at the piano, at the redone Maisonette of New York's St. Regis Hotel, opening the end of September. On the assumption that many will want to dance to the music of Duchin and his fourteen-piece orchestra, the hotel is enlarging the dance floor. *Note:* A new Decca record, *In the Duchin Manner*, with a new sound, less that of his famous father Eddy Duchin than the sum of his own training: Yale, Madame Arthur Honegger, and the jazz men of Paris.

11. "LES POUPÉES DE PARIS," a puppet fantasy based on the Paris Lido shows, which will come to New York after a deliciously profitable run at the Seattle World's Fair and at Hollywood's special Krofft Theatre. (The Kroffts produce and direct the thing—an amusing, sexy production.)

12. THE BOYS OF "BEYOND THE FRINGE," Jonathan Miller, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Alan Bennett. They are the whole cast of the most fantastically successful revue that London has had in years—now coming to New York the end of October. They sing, they dance, they write political skits that smart, and they all have a jolly time.

13. EDIE ADAMS, a dish of so many talents that she has contracted for eight music and fun television shows, beginning October 21 on ABC; she is appearing in the new nutty movie, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* with Sid Caesar, and she may decide to do with him *Little Me*, on Broadway—bringing to it her bounce, her imitations, her blond seducing ways.

ADVANCE NOTICE

I have changed the names of everything because if my grandfather ever finds out he'll frazzle me. Frazzle is a word he uses to describe violent deaths, like when he swats flies.

I led a gracious life until I was twelve, when he saw me skulking through the house one day. If you didn't clomp about like a lumberjack, grandfather called it skulking.

"Two fresh kids threw another kid through Harlow's window last night," he said.

Harlow's was a drugstore across the street and it had a huge plate-glass window.

"I was here all night last night," I said. With him you had to defend yourself, you couldn't just sit still and be innocent.

Grandfather had long grey hair and watery eyes. "I got you a job just the same," he said. His voice was high and petulant, but the way he used it, it sounded like he was an actor or a Greek.

"But what kind of job—?"

"You'll be getting fifty cents a week, which will go in your bank. It's for Mrs. Waterhouse next door. She's paying you to bring her husband home every afternoon."

The Waterhouses had moved in three days ago.

Mrs. Waterhouse was one of those people who always wore black, it made you wonder how she would dress if anybody died. She was bony and long-suffering, and always carried a man's linen handkerchief in her hands to wipe herself.

I knocked on the door and from behind it, I could feel her there, crouched and waiting for me. She opened it instantly; "Oh—," she was the most surprised woman in the world.

I came inside and sat down and she stood over me, wiping first one hand and then the other with the handkerchief. "You know my problem?" she said to me.

I didn't know what to say and she rose up and down in the black dress confiding in me. Intermittently several small children came into the room, and were whisked out again by Mrs. Waterhouse.

"Leonard, my husband is a fine family man and a good provider," she said.

What more could a woman want, I thought.

"But he does have a lion in him, a towering powerful obsession that leaves him helpless to resist—."

What she meant was, Mr. Waterhouse was a horse player.

He worked as a bank guard and got off every afternoon at half past three. On his way home, a five-minute walk, he came abreast of a horse parlour.

As soon as I left school, at three o'clock, it was my job to pick him up at the bank, toddle him past Artie Zito's horse parlour, and escort him home.

The next afternoon, I picked up Mr. Waterhouse promptly at three-thirty. I just happened to be wearing a .45 in a gun belt strapped around my middle when I came into the bank, because I was going through a phase.

Mr. Waterhouse and I recognized each other instantly. He was standing in the centre of the shiny floor, a tall man, somewhat stout, with an untrimmed moustache and a long red face devoid of cheekbones.

He glared at me from his great height as I ambled across the Superior Bank & Trust Company to his side and then turned his back on me and walked with great dignity to the nearest counter. We were alone, as the bank was closed for the day and his relief guard had not yet appeared.

He unstrapped his revolver, whistling softly between his lips without pursing them and then the relief man arrived and Mr. Waterhouse strode to the exit door. When we were outside, I had to half run to keep up with him.

There was a place called Connaughton's Irish, on West Third Street under the "L," midway between the bank and the Colonial Restaurant. It didn't say bar and grille, there was just a huge bottle of Irish whisky in the window and some papier-mâché shamrocks clustered around the bottle.

Mr. Waterhouse started for the door and I guessed it was understood that I would stand outside and wait for him.

He didn't utter a word, but he did spit on the sidewalk the second before he went inside and I said, "You can't place a bet in there, can you, sir?"

When he emerged we walked resolutely to the house, finally racing up the stairs two at a time for me and one stolid step upon the other for Mr. Waterhouse, a pace that kept us breathing in each other's faces.

When I came inside, grandfather tapped at the afternoon (*Continued on page 131*)

"Mr. Waterhouse Was a Horse Player"

A short story by

Mort M. Horowitz

“The Other Way”

A short story by

Shirley Ann Grau

Sandra Lee was late. It was way past four o'clock when she turned down the narrow alley along the side of her house and heard the hollow echo of her heels on the brick. The philodendrons which her grandmother insisted on growing in the six inches of soil by the high board fence brushed crinkled leaves against her face, and she ducked her head to avoid them.

I been doing this every day of my life, she thought, and since I been old enough to walk. And how many times does that make it?

She liked to think of numbers. She always counted things. The walk now, it had two hundred and sixty-eight bricks. And then you were at the kitchen door. She climbed the worn wood steps, the ones her grandmother still scrubbed with brown soap every day, rain or shine, hot or cold. The way she had done ever since she was a young bride just moved into the house. The steps now were a silvery grey colour, the veins of the wood standing up hard and clear, the surface rough and uneven like a washboard when you sat on it.

She went in, letting the screen bang shut behind her. She knew who would be there—the same people were always there each day when she came home from school. There was her mother, short and heavy, dark brown and frizzled haired, with only light-green eyes to show her white blood. She would be standing at the enamel-topped table under the window beginning to fix supper, staring out at the line of fluttering clothes that ran from the back porch to the back shed. There was her Aunt Norris, sitting in her wheelchair, across her withered legs the endless balls of cord she used to crochet. She went very fast, the shiny little hook squirming about among the knotting thread. So fast that the finished product seemed to run smoothly off the tips of her black fingers. And there was the old lady, her grandmother. She would be at the wooden dining table, back in the dusky part of the room, reading the evening paper under the light of the overhead lamp, her gold-rimmed glasses sliding halfway down her nose. She had gotten those glasses from a lady she cooked for years ago, back when her children were still small; she found the glasses suited her fine and she had used them ever since. Now and then she would take them off, and stare at them, and you could tell she was remembering back to those days when she was young.

Most likely too, they would be talking when Sandra Lee came in—the soft-muttered Cajun French. They always spoke it during the day when they were alone in the house. It was the only language her grandmother felt comfortable in. English came stiff and hard to her tongue, she said.

When Sandra Lee came, they stopped at once, for they never spoke French in front of her. She asked sometimes, and they only laughed and told her, “Layovers to catch meddlers, baby. No need for you to go talking the old folks’ talk.”

It was the same every evening. They stopped talking when they heard her foot on the step. They all looked up when she came through the door. Her mother asked: “How was school today?” and she answered, “Fine,” and put her books down on the table beside her grandmother’s paper.

Then her mother would tell her what to do: go to the grocery, or get the clothes in, or wash your hands and set the table.

Today her mother said: “I won’t be needing any help. But you could put the hem in that dress I ripped for you this morning.”

“Growing like a Jerusalem weed,” Norris said, as her fingers went back to their contortions with the strip of steel and the cotton thread.

So Sandra Lee fetched the dress, and brought it back to the kitchen and threaded her needle and checked to see just how it was that her mother had basted the hem.

“Who’d you eat lunch with?” her mother asked.

“Some kids.” She began sewing, quickly, deftly.

“Like who?”

“Well, Peggy, and Amelie.”

“What they have for lunch?”

“I didn’t look.”

“Lunch now,” her grandmother said. “It used to be called dinner. When I was working we’d have four or five courses and never think anything of it. Excepting it was crawfish bisque.”

“I guess they had sandwiches too,” Sandra Lee said.

“Picked ten tons of crawfish in my day,” her grandmother said.

“If John and the boys goes and fetches them,” Norris (*Continued on page 134*)



he fifteenth in Vogue's series of fashion personalities: the clothes-thinking of one of the world's beauties, Mrs. Gianni Agnelli, whose special chic depends on clear planning and the pleasure of skipping arduous details.



Mrs. Gianni Agnelli's beauty is natural, unacquired; she was born to it—the hooded Ghirlandaio eye, the high-arched nostril, the superb length of neck, the blond marble coolness, the figure made for twentieth-century clothes. To it she adds a tremendous chic, unarduous and uncontrived because it's powered by clear-headed clothes planning. Once chosen at the collections, her large wardrobe is practically self-working. No disorders, no breakdown of "looks" to interfere with her extraordinarily mobile life. She is the director of social security and welfare for her husband's Riv factories (part of his Fiat industry) and 30,000 employees; she has two children, four houses—one in Turin, a small modern play house overlooking the city, a country house in the Piedmontese mountains, a villa in the south of France; and she does a great deal of extemporaneous travelling between Rome, Paris, and New York.

Impatient with fittings and the endless clothes details that lock up time, she sometimes dreams of "one perfect dress to wear like a uniform," to order in different colours and fabrics. It is a *(Continued on page 92)*

Left: Dior's spare emerald velvet dress, the bare curve of its little fore-shortened bolero filled with antique diamonds, the necklace and earrings a gift from her husband. In the background, at Turin town house, an ornately framed Picasso contemplating an eighteenth-century monkey.

Above: Before the modern house outside Turin, Mrs. Agnelli with her two children—Eduardo, eight; Margherita, six. Her Dior suit, deep-brown wool, buttoned aside, and worn with a pale-blue crêpe blouse.



MRS. GIANNI AGNELLI

The Agnelli look in black and white: *Above:* White tweed and black cashmere version of her country look; black country stockings, too. *Right:* White cotton pants and Fabergé jewels on a black polo shirt—the antique chain, from Mexico, hung with a medallion and Fabergé ruby and sapphire eggs. Mrs. Agnelli stands on the terrace at La Leopolda in southern France, where she was one of the first chic women who started the rage for white pants. *Below:* Basic white linen, a superb Balenciaga day dress, the waist leashed in leather (here, navy blue, an alternate for black).

HENRY CLARKE







MRS. GIANNI AGNELLI

dream, however—one that she replaces with strong fashion realism. Her three-way wardrobe is exactly cut to the pattern of her life: non-town day clothes for Villar in the Piedmontese mountains, and for Leopolda, the Agnelli villa in Beaulieu-sur-Mer on the Côte d'Azur; the at-home evening "follies" for which she has a special genius; and a ten-day travel wardrobe for any capital in the world.

Her non-town clothes, which outnumber all her other things, have a candid sophistication. Even her little country uniform of the same skirt and sweater in different colours and materials, with coloured stockings to match and flat heeled shoes, has for all its convent-bred look, an unmistakable worldliness—the lines of the skirts are usually Dior's or those of a superb little dressmaker Mrs. Agnelli goes to in Turin. Her sweaters are bought in Rome and New York. This look, along with the most uncomplicated dresses, she finds more suitable during the day at Villar than the pants she likes for the Côte.

Villar is her favourite house, where the Agnellis live from August to October, sometimes later, surrounded by their own children, masses of cousins and guests, a Great Dane, a Bedlington, *(Continued on page 135)*

Left top: One of Marella Agnelli's witty evening "follies," this one by Forquet, in Indian pink silk shantung, half skirt, half pants, which looks all skirt when she stands. With it she wears a necklace of rubies, turquoises and pearls in a gold Indian setting; more rubies and turquoises in the diamond-headed serpent bracelets.

Middle: Pink gauze that looks crystallized, a coat and matching sheath by Forquet. All of her late-day summer dresses have companion coats.

Below: The angle at which Mrs. Agnelli's beauty is most stirring, her half-profile stance. She wears here, Balenciaga's blazing tunic of gold and brown beads on beige organza over a black satin skirt, the almost non-existent sleeves fluttering with black satin bows.

Right: In Villar's great gallery, exuberantly painted and lighted, she wears Givenchy's long unfitted Empire dress of heavy ribbed white piqué bordered in pink—again her head and body in handsome half-profile.





Autumn clothes-message — signalled in smoke



You can tick off the instances of smokiness this autumn—the burnt-brown plaids, ash-white wools, the coaly greys—and arrive at this conclusion: where there's smoke now, there's fashion excitement. *Left:* Biggest plaid in town—burnt-brown and olive, flight checked by a wide, hip-riding sash. By Burke-Amey, of Lesur wool. Suède gloves by Dawnelle. *Both:* Henri Bendel. *Dress:* Nan Duskin; Blum's, Chicago. *Right:* Watch for these—the return of grey as a suit-love, the news of fur-trimming, of tunic-long jackets. This prototype of a suit-great: by Ben Zuckerman, of Anglo wool loomed in America and Astrakhan lamb. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Van Searrings. Kislav lambskin gloves. Lipstick, Stendhal's C-5. Both hats; Lilly Daché. Background, these pages: New York's Seagram Building.





Left: Grey flannel—some of the year's most trenchant suit-plans are based on it. The jacket is set back on the collar line (you can set your fashion-calendar by collars that do this); and wedged open over a white silk shirt, a straightaway matchbox of skirt. By Zelinka-Matlick, of Forstmann wool, loomed in America (we added the white shirt); about \$100. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Hudson's. The hats on both pages are by Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

Right: Undercoat dress as of now—brighter-than-beige knitted jersey, with a twist of burnt-brown suede for a belt; constructive touches of welt seaming. By Hannah Troy, in Alamac double-knitted jersey of Orlon and wool; about \$110. Meyers Make kidskin gloves. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also: Wm. H. Block; Battelstein's.





Signalled in smoke

Left: One of the smoky autumn greys, and a traffic-snarling way to wear it — as though there weren't another colour in the world. The good grey line of coat: fullish through the back, with this season's off-the-collared collar. By Country Tweeds, of Cashmere 400; about \$140. Flannel handbag: MM. Both at Lord & Taylor. Coat: Marshall Field; J.W. Robinson. For shops in other cities, page 137. Michel's Nutmeg lipstick. *Right:* Knitted beige wool horizontally ribbed, and a new citizen in U.S. coat-country — knitting in the round was one of the smash coat-ideas at Dior Boutique this spring. By Modelia; about \$125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. Hats: Lilly Daché.







He is the man who is doing what Napoleon could not do: unifying Europe. His name is Jean Monnet, and he likes to walk, alone. Here and on the next two pages, another in a series of portraits of distinguished men, photographed for Vogue by Henri Cartier-Bresson.

JEAN MONNET



A brilliantly pragmatic economist and a diplomat strictly without portfolio, Jean Monnet is, at seventy-three, frankly a lobbyist: chairman of the Action Committee for a United States of Europe. He does not dazzle, never pushes through. Whether one sees him in the order of his Paris office (above; the portrait over his desk is by his wife, of their daughter) or in the flowering calm of his house at Houjarray (right, with his wife, his daughter, and a friend), Monnet seems, at first, an improbable man to have taken hold of the dream which has eluded the world: the dream of a Europe in which "Spaniards will say 'our Chartres,' Italians 'our Copenhagen.'" Although those words belong to the Spanish philosopher Salvador de Madariaga, the dream—that of a united Europe—belongs now to Monnet, the man who is willing it into being. He is no Charlemagne, no Napoleon. His influence springs both from the deliberate logic of his conviction and from the meditative will which thrusts that conviction into action. Known for making clear the inevitability of the Common Market, Monnet has long been a mover in important wings. Born in Cognac, he graduated from no schools, went instead to Canada and the United States selling his family's famous brandy. During World War I, Monnet took on the power he has exercised since. Too ill to fight, he negotiated for France, came to Premier Clemenceau's attention, emerged gradually as a Mover. Through the League of Nations, he helped refinance Austria; a decade later, financially experienced, he was appointed a liquidator of Kreuger and Toll, the bankrupt Swedish match mirage projected by Ivar Kreuger. As part of his work for France and England during World War II, Monnet aided, before Pearl Harbor, in galvanizing American production, invented for President Roosevelt the charismatic phrase "Arsenal of Democracy," later worked on Lend-Lease. The war over, Monnet first studied, for the French government, that nation's resources, currency, and needs; then set out, in quiet steps which led to the Common Market, to reshape Europe. But just as the Market is, for Monnet, only another step to a unified Europe, a United States of Europe would be simply one more step to the larger dream which could, some think, preserve the West: the Atlantic Community. "When it becomes obvious to all that a united Europe and America can not be dissociated," he wrote, "problems that today seem insoluble may be settled."



A diplomat without portfolio, a mover without official authority, Jean Monnet is, now, recasting the West.





VOGUE PATTERNS

The start of a season: in silk; in wool

This might be the way autumn begins: with a silk dress and jacket in colours cool enough for September, right for later on; and a tweed dress to wear in October and all through a winter of city days. Both costume and dress have ease of shape; necklines are carved away for a long-throated look. *Opposite page:* Dress and jacket—the dress-top black, sleeveless; the skirt café-au-lait, gathered for mobility. The jacket, curved out and away from the neck, is the same colour as the skirt. Vogue Pattern 5616, of American Silk fabric. Textured fake gold earrings by Napier. Kidskin gloves by Superb. *This page:* Lean black-and-white tweed coatdress; again the lengthening neckline. Vogue Pattern 5597, in Forstmann wool tweed. Trifari earrings. Eight-button gloves by Crescendo. All accessories at Lord & Taylor. Hats, both pages by Irene of New York. Stores that show these fashions, see page 39. *For other views, yardages, see page 39.*

● VIVA ZAPATOS....IN
DEEP SPANISH REDS!
THE APPLAUSE HERE
FOR EXCITING NEW SHOES
IN DARK RICH CORDOVAN
SHADES THAT ADD A
CASTANET SNAP TO AUTUMN
CLOTHES-COLOURS NOW.
PARTICULARLY DASHING,
PERHAPS, WITH A SUIT
OF OYSTER TWEED,
A COAT-FALL OF LYNX...
SIX SPANISH RED SHOES
OF ALLIGATOR, SUÈDE,
SMOOTH LEATHER, START
HERE—ALL WITH SLEEK NEW
SHAPES, FOUR WITH NEW
CUTAWAY SIDES. STOCKING
NEWS: DEEP-SHADOW TINTS.

Deep-piled suède in Spanish red with set-back heel, buckle-looking scrollwork. By Margaret Jerrold. About \$29. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Deep-shadowed stocking by Belle-Sharmeer; at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Details, page 132.



ART KANE

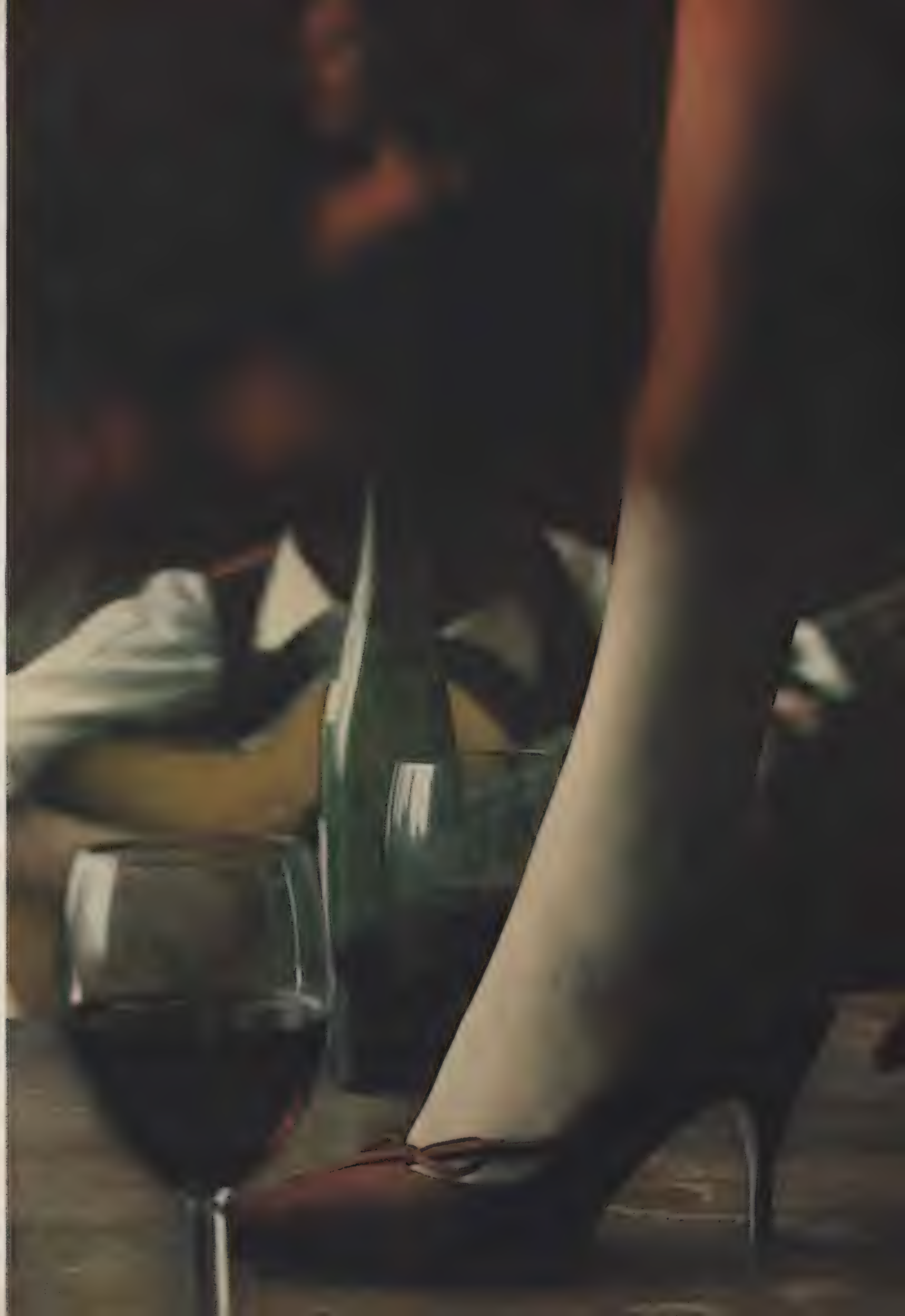
THE NEW CLICK—SPANISH RED SHOES





Alligator two-eyelid-tied shoe, this page, in wine-dregs red with perforations, slanted heel. By I. Miller, New York; about \$80. Also at I. Magnin. Darkening stocking by Munsingwear; at Dayton's; Marshall Field.

Clear vino, opposite, in glass and in shoe—suede with diagonally squared toe, back and one side open (partial openness is big now). By Christian Dior-New York; about \$28 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Stocking shade called Portuguese Wine, by Christian Dior; at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin. Details, page 132.







a smouldering glance, above, for dark-red calfskin with a side opening framed in black. By Stanley Philipson; about \$33 at Andrew Geller; Frost Bros. Stocking by Van Raalte, at Macy's; Bamberger's.

Spanish red shoe, below, with back and both sides ajar. The front is lizard, the heel, smooth leather. By Mademoiselle; about \$24 at Lord & Taylor. Stocking shade for this, called Tango by Round-the-Clock; at Bloomingdale's; J. W. Robinson.





Two day looks with a cap in common

Near left: Suit with this news about it: a lengthier jacket, a neckline that's way out—filled with an important white silk scarf. The jacket is lean, rangy, impeccably tailored; the skirt is slim. By Cooper-Couture, of camel's hair; about \$185. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. High, visored cap—a hat-shape sparked by the film, *Jules et Jim*—of white kidskin, by Sally Victor. *Far left:* Clean curve of coat, with a wide-set collar (the very newest collars keep their distance this way). In a deep, soft wool fleece; greyed green, pale as sea-foam. With a lifted waist, a widening skirt. By Jerry Silverman, of Warren of Stafford fabric, about \$125. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. With the same hat.

School's in, practically. Next month little girls just starting nursery school or kindergarten, and seasoned first-graders will need what seems like a massive starting lineup of clothes. On these four pages, eight dresses to make everybody—mothers, daughters, and teachers—happy. They look pretty (often suddenly important to children who were once content in overalls) and can be treated casually because of their washability and slight need of ironing. Sizes 3-6x.

Below: It's a wise mother's daughter who picks a plaid for school. Plaids are colourful, capable of standing up under the daily floor-sitting popular among the before-second-grade set. The plaid here is a blue, green, and red jumper with white piping, over a white blouse. By Tiny Town Togs of Galey & Lord cotton. About \$6. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's.

The little girls in their autumn dresses



The idea of a smock for school isn't new, but how smocks have changed—no longer relegated to finger-painting time, they are worn all day, are champion dress-savers. *At the right:* What meets the eye, first, is a cream-coloured smock sparsely patterned with a red Pennsylvania Dutch design. Beneath the protective coating, a red dress: high-necked, short-sleeved, trimmed with cream-coloured stitching. By Cinderella of cotton. About \$9. At Franklin Simon. On all these pages, the black Helanca nylon tights and tan elk indoor boots are by Capezio. Vermeil objects, from Tiffany & Co.





Above: Dress printed like a patchwork quilt; cover-up of faded blue denim trimmed with white stitching. By Shepardess, smock of Pepperell cotton denim with Sanforized Plus. About \$11, Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel. *Below:* Blue and green smocked pinafore, white blouse. By Polly Flinders. Pinafore, Burlington 2-ply cotton treated with Scotchgard repeller; blouse, Wamsutta cotton broadcloth. About \$11. Lord & Taylor; Thalhimers.



Below: Pale-blue cotton blouse and a deeper blue jumper of cotton corduroy. The pockets are red, green, and yellow. By Joseph Love of Cone fabric. About \$6. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

Right, starting at the top: The dress is blue, grey, and red plaid with white piqué collar and cuffs. Sleeveless smock: bright red with navy-blue stitching. By R.A.R. Moppets, dress of Galey & Lord cotton. About \$9. At Bloomingdale's. Red and white checked cotton chambray blouse attached to a crinoline skirt, worn under a grey Kodel-and-cotton jumper. By Claire Brooke. About \$8. At Bloomingdale's; Filene's. Black and white pinchecked jumper of cotton and Arnel with pearl buttons over a white cotton blouse on a crinoline. By Yolande. About \$9. Bloomingdale's, I. Magnin.

The little girls in their autumn dresses



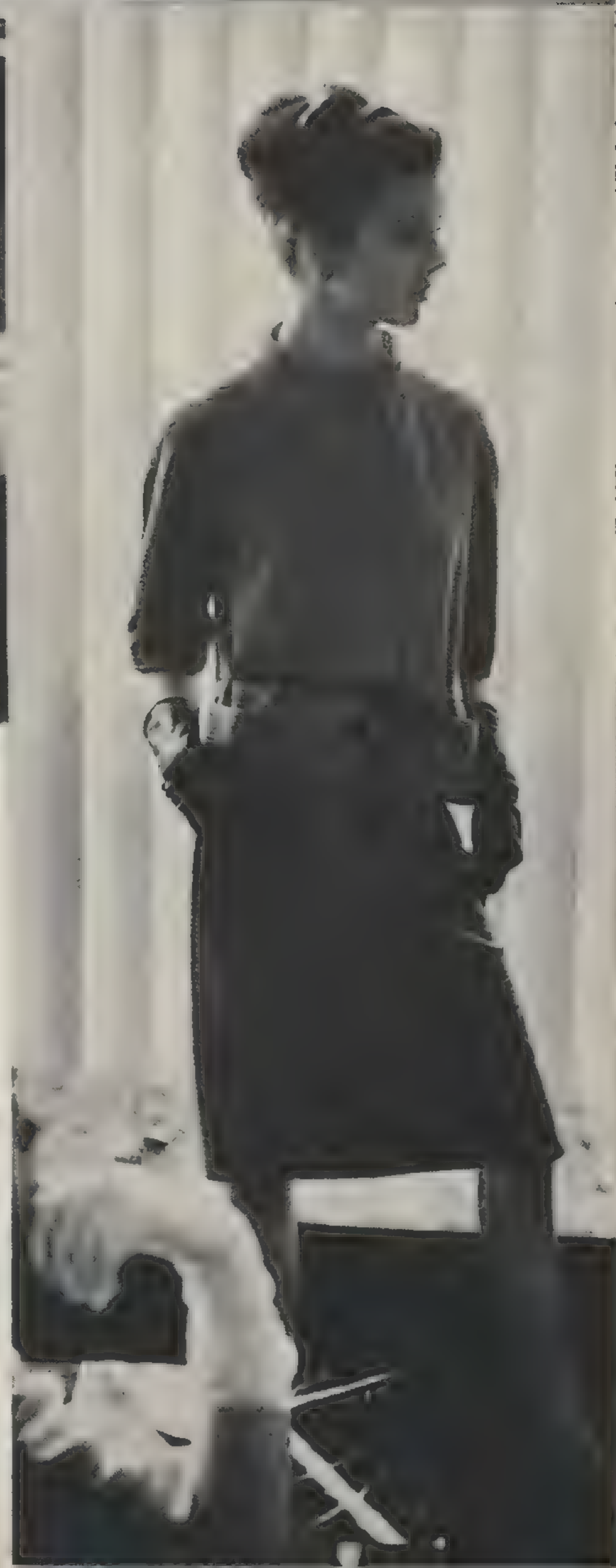


This year's knitted dress is apt to be a suit—or, at any rate, a suit-look. Further likelihoods: a skirt with more swing, a shape that's spare, easy (knitted clothes, of course, have a knack for this), and, somewhere, just a flick of this year's signature—leather. *Above, left:* Two-piece suit with a three-piece look: the dark-brown top, the pale-beige gored skirt, are inseparable under a soft beige jacket. Wide brown leather belt (leather belts are often a suit-component now). Costume by Lawrence Knitwear, of knitted wool, about \$70. The white kidskin gloves by Fuchs. All at Altman's. The costume, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. The dark-brown jersey hood, by Adolfo.

The knitted
dress — its future
as a suit



Above, right: Easy beige suit with appeal as basic as Good Bone Structure; pullover, cardigan jacket, skirt with a '62-degree of width. By Handmacher, of knitted wool; about \$75. White kidskin gloves by Fuchs. The beige knitted hat—tipped by a suède bow—by Madcaps. All at Altman's. The costume, also at Halle Bros.; Harzfeld's. *Directly right:* Deeply ribbed grey knitting shapes a limber little suit, the jacket—soft as a silk shirt—looped with a black leather belt; to wear with more black leather—a kidskin hair bow, black kidskin gloves, black lizard shoes. By Kimberly, of knitted wool, about \$70. At Peck & Peck; I. Magnin. In the background: Cinema I and II.





HORST

The new idea about roundness

Take a really good figure, and—in the words of a current show tune—“Helen and a thousand ships will have to die of shame.” Actually, they’re having to do it every day now in spite of the fact that women and food have been reunited. Suddenly the old bony version of thinness is out, extinguished by a new streak of beauties with firm, delicately rounded curves. Not plump, just pleasing. Romy Schneider has this look in spades—a true bosom, unscrawny limbs, the right swells in the right places. A lone phenomenon? Not on your life; swivelling along in the same new shape of allure: the new, and much sleeker, Marilyn Monroe; Natalie Wood; Jane Fonda; Elsa Martinelli; Skeeter Werner, the dazzling Olympic skier; and—here’s for international—the young women touring with the Ukrainian dance troupe. Born that way? . . . Maybe, but that’s scarcely the point. What matters is how to look that way. Figures are facts, but facts that have a strange and enchanting way of adapting to fashion. When the high-bosomed Botticelli spring girl was the form divine, a surprising number of women presumably shaped up that way. For the wasp waist and billowed hips that came later, the evidence is even stronger; any woman who cared could manage all the becoming illusions. Then came the emaciated look that began in the 1920s, and there were ways to have it even without starvation dieting; in point of chill fact, it probably set more American women to eating more sensibly—and feeding their families more sensibly—than they ever had before. With perseverance and a little bit of luck it produced marvellously lean, even angular women, and while men occasionally voiced misguided doubts, any woman with a dram of vanity wanted to be thin, thin, thin. Lazy, weak-willed, or otherwise gullible types will probably say right now, “Who wants to be fat?” And the answer is “Not fat, Virginia, not one little bit fat, but curvy.” If you’re one of the dozens of women who have recently rediscovered exercise, you may be on the way to the new shape now. A summer’s really strenuous swimming (preferably with diving included) can smooth out a bulgy figure, add contour to a bony one. Or tennis, if you play it with grace and pleasure. And, as you may have noticed, the fringe benefits it makes possible—the double-scoop dessert, the extra slosh of wine with dinner—enhance this look instead of destroying it. Fitness—dreary as the word will always be—is the secret of the new shape. Or Tone if you like that sound better. Either way it means exercise, especially if you’re past the braces-on-teeth stage. Gloomy? . . . Well, that depends on you. All we can say is the dividends are unparalleled. And you might, by the way, try to find the kind of action that suits you; salons, always a good winter answer to the exercise gap, are apt to be more understanding if you begin by confessing your blocks and inadequacies. If you can’t stand that much routine and swimming in a pool is hard on your new autumn coif, you might consider an energetic, unpoetic dancing class (put right out of your mind all those silver-haired ladies at Lake Chautauqua pretending they were zephyrs). Or—and how simple can things be?—make a daily amusement of a brisk city walk; European visitors claim there’s no better diversion on the Eastern seaboard.

The stretch brassière. Naturalism—the idea behind this stretch lace bodice, *left*, with the kind of brevity that Dorothy Parker once quipped for Vogue “is the soul of lingerie.” Straps, one with the rest of the brassière. This, by Tru Balance, of Helanca nylon, about \$4, at Bloomingdale’s; Wanamaker’s, Phila.; Woodward & Lothrop. The camisole brassière. Black nylon lace on cream marquisette, with an ovalled shape—for the subtler line that this season’s clothes follow—the barely-touching-the-body dresses. Brassière with Lycra back, designed by Emilio Pucci for the Formfit Designer Collection, about \$9. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros.





Skirts, sweaters: going to certain lengths. A great alternate for pants: skirts (short); sweaters (long).
Left to right: Curry-coloured Shetland wool pullover by Hadley, about \$20; olive-green cotton suède cloth skirt by Mr. Gee, about \$17. Knitted wool cap by Fur Flyers. Nylon stretch stockings by Franchessa. All, Bergdorf Goodman. Sweater, skirt: Julius Garfinckel. White wool sweater, 28" long, by Premier, about \$15; black and white wool tweed kilt by Sloat, about \$25. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. May sunglasses at Lugene.



JÉRÔME DUCROT

This page, left to right: White mohair sweater, worn with a putty-coloured worsted flannel skirt. Both by Zacari: the sweater of wool, mohair, and nylon, about \$23; skirt of Stevens fabric, about \$15. Fur Flyers knitted hat. All at Altman's. Sweater, skirt: Sakowitz. Argyle stretch stockings by Flair. Turtle-necked pullover of curry-coloured Shetland wool, by Braemar, about \$23. Grey wool flannel pleated kilt by Sloat, about \$25. At De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel. Grey and white textured stockings by Phoenix (to wear with soft, flat shoes or boots). Green and white Burmel scarf, Bonwit Teller.

MADRID ADDRESS BOOK

FOR QUICK BUYERS AT BOUTIQUES;
FOR SLOWER ONES
AT THE COUTURE HOUSES

Shopping in Madrid is pleasant—the clothes are good, the prices within range, and no one gets nervous. In the little boutiques there are handsome collections of clothes ready to put on, attractive accessories, and this further attraction: these well-made affairs are often copies from the big Paris houses. On the other hand, Spanish designers, frequently with famous names, turn out extremely beautiful clothes for those willing to have fittings and to wait for a fortnight or more for delivery. Children's clothes are a delight—Spanish children are among the world's best-dressed. *Note:* The Spaniards are an orderly people—they show winter collections in October, spring ones in March. From the middle of July through September, many of the shops, the tailors, the designers move to Barcelona, to such seashore places as San Sebastian.

Four couture houses. The head of Eisa (pronounced Asa), Balenciaga's sister, always has some of her brother's important dresses, coats, and suits. (The Spanish expression for that great Balenciaga look "es un Balen.") Although her prices are high for Spain, they are lower than the Balenciaga prices in Paris. The white-walled salon, with dark chairs covered in tobacco-coloured linen, never distracts one from the beautiful clothes. Avenida José Antonio, 9.

Pedro Rodriguez dresses many of Spain's most elegant women in his meticulously tailored clothes, in his delicately beaded evening things, in his coats and dresses crusted with embroideries. Calle de Alcalá, 54.

Pertegaz, whom his clients just call Perte, has a talent for young neat suits that keep their shape and their good looks season after season. His prices are often less expensive than those of the other big houses. In summer, Perte moves over to Barcelona, returning to Madrid in October; both houses, however, remain open all year. The long, narrow, blue salon with its two enormous stone and iron sculptures in Madrid is opposite the Castellana Hilton Hotel at Paseo de la Castellana, 56.

The newest clothes excitement in Spain these days comes from a shy, bearded young man, Elio Berhanyer, whose house looks like any of its neighbours in a pleasant villa district. There is no name plate, no sign—his clients must know the address. They come to him for the freshness of his ideas, for suède coats of extravagant simplicity, for magnificent ball gowns. Calle Ayala, 124.

Couture copies of Paris clothes. Behind the long-run success of that excellent dressmaking house, Flora Villarreal, is the brilliant editing of the French clothes chosen from the Paris couture. Twice a year, Señora Villarreal goes to Paris, shops for her Madrid customers mainly at the great couture houses of Givenchy, Chanel, and Balmain. *Note:* The price of a made-to-order copy, beautifully fitted, is a pleasant surprise. Paseo de la Castellana, 9.

Three boutiques. For quick shoppers, one of the good addresses as well as an easy one to identify is Rango. Two huge stone lions guard the grilled gate; a swan, loaded with fake flowers in Spanish reds and yellows, decorates the entrance. Rango is known especially for smart Italian and French copies, effective costume jewellery, and handbags. (Prices run higher here than in other Madrid shops.) Carrera de San Jerónimo, 19.

Classics are the idea at Mitzou—tweed suits and sports coats. One of their ideas is a reversible coat. suède on one side; camel-coloured wool on the other; under \$125. (Although in many of the boutiques the size range is limited, they have, happily, a knack for quick copying to size at no extra cost.) Calle Serrano, 27.

Bazar matches its name, sells not only clothes but furniture. Along with suits, afternoon dresses, bags, gloves, and even wedding dresses, are great Spanish antiques and their copies. In both departments, reasonable prices. (A suit, for instance, may be under \$75.) Velázquez, 61.

Special addresses. The label sewn on the strict riding clothes worn by Spain's great horsewomen—many ride side-saddle—reads Cutuli. At this expert tailoring house prices are not noticeably small, but the product is superlative. Marqués de Cubas, 1.

(Continued on page 137)

AN AMERICAN'S HOUSE IN SPAIN, AIR-CONDITIONED BY WATER

Mrs. Woodward de Croisset wanted no castle in Spain. Nor did she want a "villa." What she wanted simply was an undatable house, one with a feeling of space, a oneness with the countryside, but at the same time great privacy; a house that would be cool against the Spanish summer sun but a bulwark against the Spanish winter winds. Part of the strategy her architect, Peter Harnden, worked out to fill her needs is shown opposite. The green interior water patio, one of two joined by a bridge and one of several pools inside and outside the house, looks through sliding glass walls—on the left into the living room, directly ahead into the dining room. Above the pools, trellised roofs of reeds admit cooling breezes and provide not only shade but a kaleidoscope of light and shadow. On the next five pages, more on Mrs. de Croisset's house and on two other American houses in Spain, all designed by Mr. Harnden and all full of ideas applicable here and now.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN LIVING



CASALI-DOMUS

HOUSES IN SPAIN

BY ONE AMERICAN ARCHITECT FOR THREE
AMERICAN OWNERS. ON THESE TWO PAGES,
THE MANY-POOLED HOUSE NEAR MALAGA
OF MRS. WOODWARD DE CROISSET.



After testing by renting several summers on the Costa del Sol, Mrs. de Croisset, a finely-honed, size-10 brunet beauty with two almost-grown sons, decided she wanted to build there. She chose a site on the top of a small hill, with, in the distance, a nice view of the Bay of Málaga and, right on hand, an aromatic collection of fig, almond, and olive trees. On hand, too, was an old farmstead which Mrs. de Croisset assigned to her boys as their own special house.

For the new house, Mrs. de Croisset and her architect, Peter Harnden, chose local ingredients: colourful stone from a quarry in the hills behind the house; for heat and sound insulation, cork ceilings from a nearby grove of cork trees; tile floors from Seville; and everywhere, in surprising situations, pools of water for freshness.

One enters the house through a pooled terrace, overhung with rush, plumbago vines, and morning glories (below). The terrace wanders on by guest bedrooms and the long living room (left) and ends opposite its starting point at one of the interior water patios. In the living room, all the colour, except for the tomato-red sofa, comes from the natural materials—the terra-cotta browns of the cork ceiling and the tile floor, the changeable greys of the stone fireplace wall. The living room and the dining room (below right) share a glass-walled view of twin water patios. In the dining room, table settings tend to the same muted colour effect as the rest of the house—stainless steel knives and forks, brown pottery plates, natural straw mats, the only brilliant colour in the napkins—"the glass and crockery are the most ordinary to be found in Málaga," Mrs. de Croisset said of the pretty local products. From an efficient kitchen, superb food regularly emerges to be served in that dining room or, sometimes at night in the summer, on the terrace.

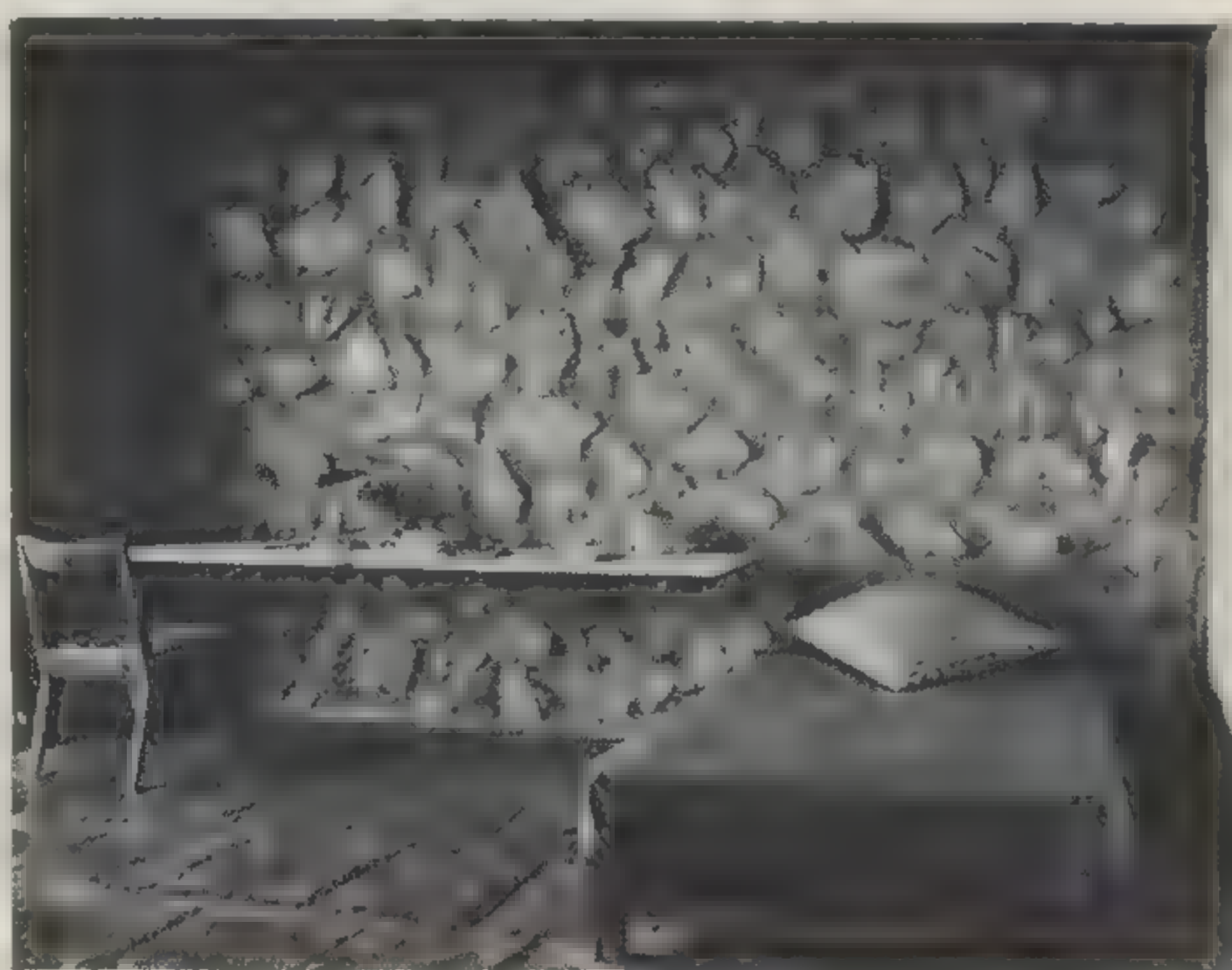
A beautiful answer to the climate, the site, and Mrs. de Croisset's way of life, the house provides its owner, her sons, and her houseguests with the constant joy of pleasant surprises, inside and out. "We have no television and no telephone," Mrs. de Croisset said. In her house in Spain, she clearly needs neither. *(Continued on next page)*



Entrance hall



The wandering terrace



Guest bedroom



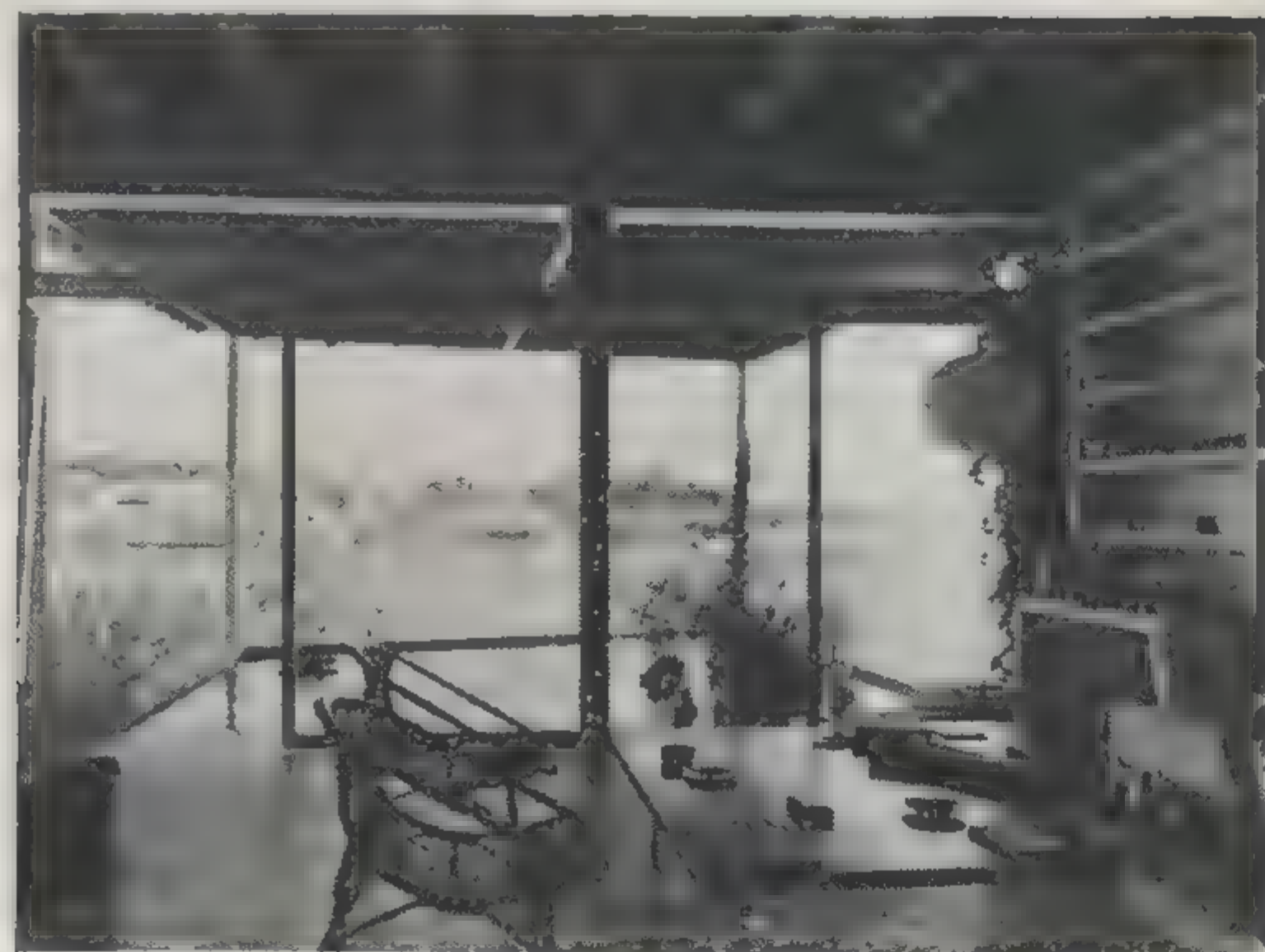
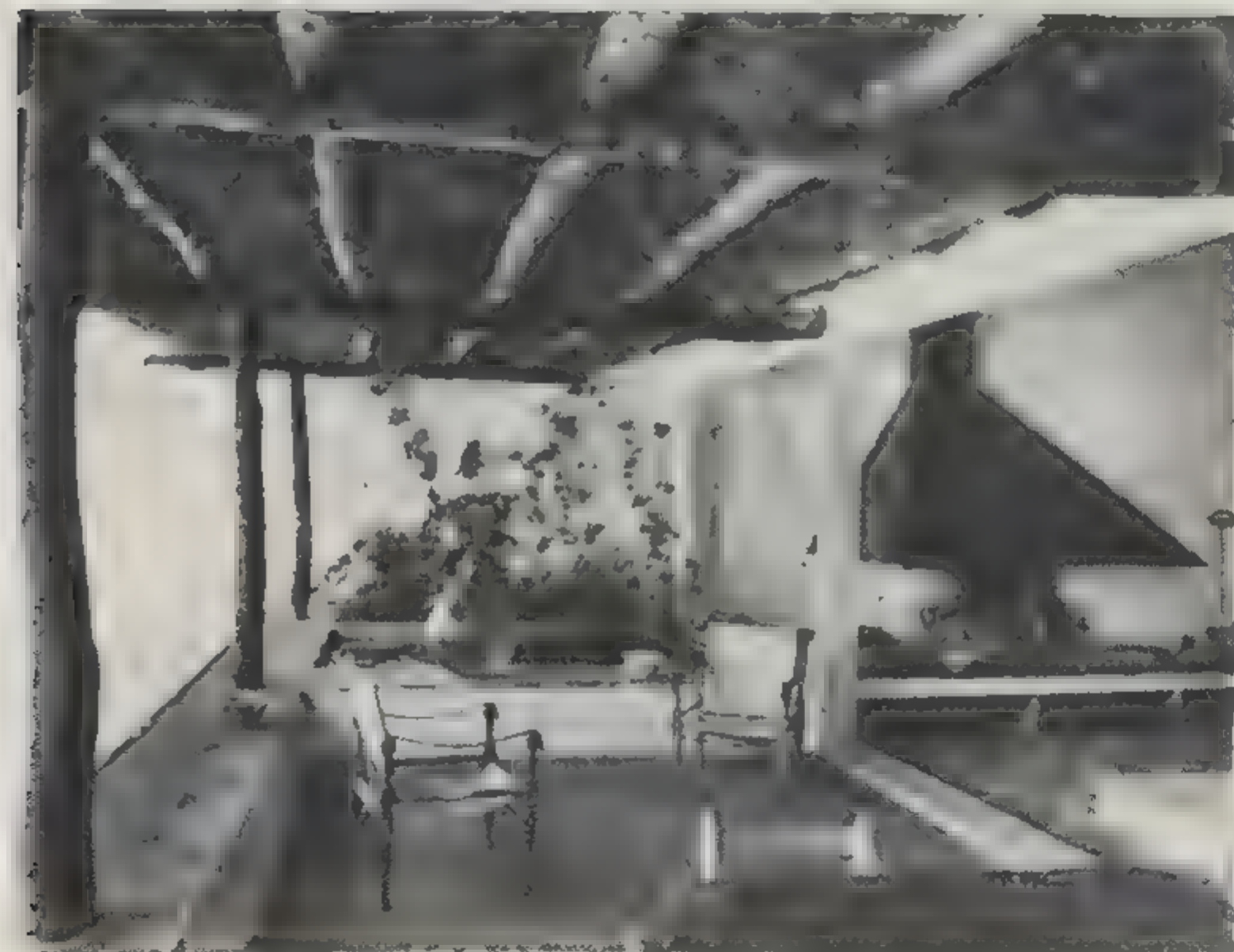
The dining room

Entrance courtyard



SPANISH HOUSES: IDEAS THAT TRANSLATE

INDOOR POOLS



At the end of a curly, mountainous road on the Spanish Costa Brava lies the small port of Cadaqués where artists, architects, musicians, and writers from a dozen different countries join the local Catalan fishermen every summer. Among the Americans who have houses there are the Peter Harndens and the George Staempfli. For his own family and for the Staempfli, Mr. Harnden remodelled old village houses, in both of which water plants grow in the cool shimmer of indoor reflecting pools. The Harnden pool (top two pictures above), placed under a thatched roof on the second floor terrace, has on one side a trumpet vine, on the other, Dutch colonial sling chairs. The Staempfli pool (directly above), made of small turquoise-blue tiles and cantilevered out from the upstairs sitting room, seems to extend, in colour and texture, the surface of the sea beyond.

OUTSIDE LOOKS



Although Mr. Harnden converted the Cadaqués houses he did over into models of smooth efficiency, dashingly modern good looks, and blissfully easy maintenance, he carefully preserved the robust character of the architecture. His own centuries-old house, made of slate-like, whitewashed stone (shown top above), is built into a hillside on a narrow, winding street. He made it over into a dwelling that would accommodate the four Harnden children and Harnden guests of all ages, and covered the port-view terrace with local gorse thatching. The whitewashed Staempfli house (dark in the picture directly above) has three terraces, one beneath the other. The great arch below the terraces is a slate-blue door behind which there is room for two cars and a fishing boat. Of the Catalan boatman who pilots the boat Mr. Staempfli said, "He regularly beats us at chess."

FRONT DOORS



The Harnden front door (top above), a light-filtering arrangement of wire-meshed translucent glass, is framed by an African wood called Bolondo. The Staempfli front door (directly above), glass behind a steel screen, framed in white painted steel, looks out into a covered passage that goes under the house. That passage, a public one, has given the house the name it has been known by for centuries—Es Portal, Es being the Catalan word for El. This passage, which appears to the right of the arch in the photograph of the Staempfli house (above left), was one of the few entries into the once-fortified old town.

DINING



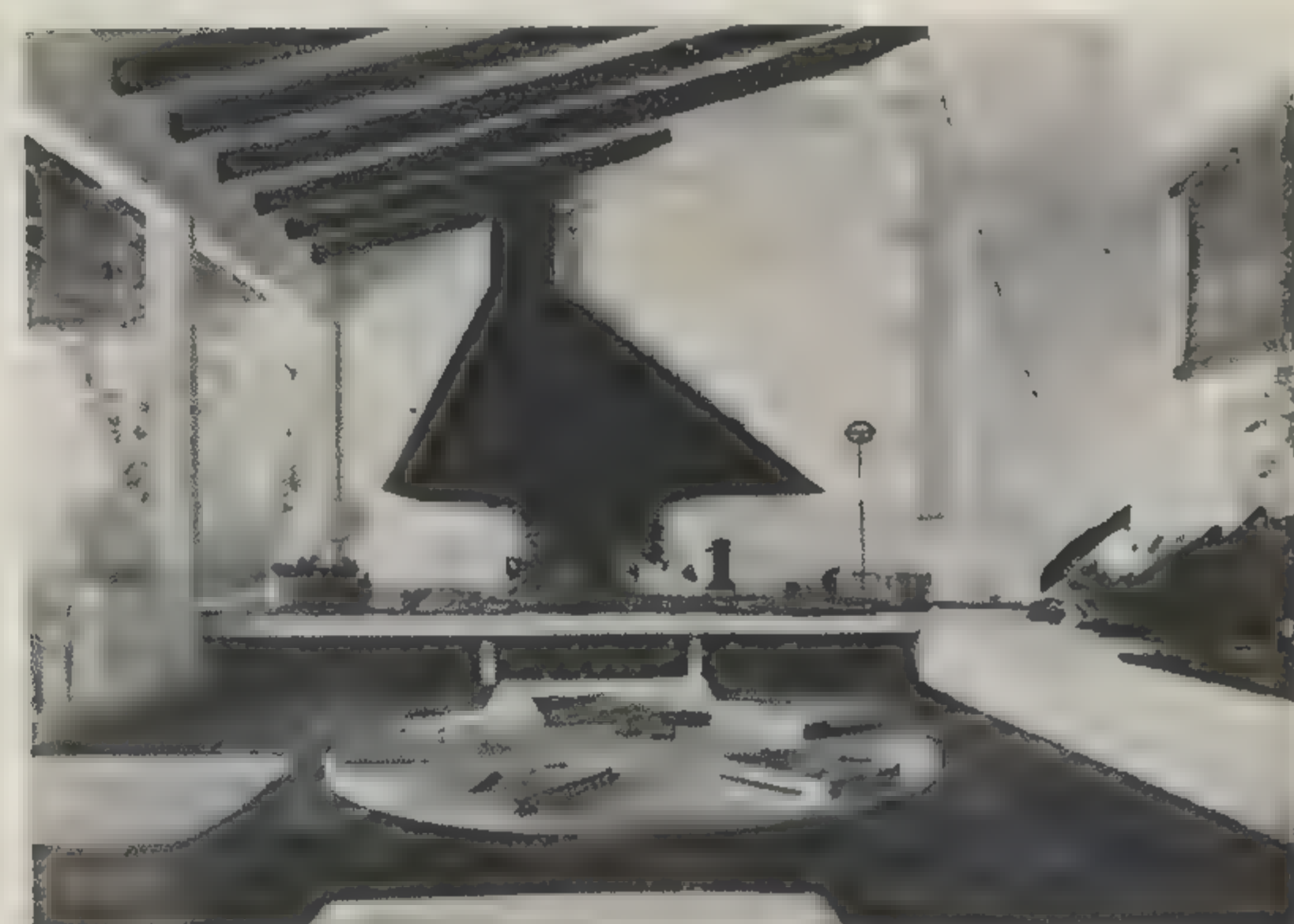
As often as not, Cadaqués dining in the summer takes place outdoors, or semi-outdoors, as on the Harnden terrace (top above). There, under a thatched pergola, the Harndens dine at a table consisting simply of two legs of whitewashed brick and a single slab stone top. Their indoor dining room (directly above) has a yellow tile floor, a white Spanish marble table, and, for a lamp, a local garden basket hung upside down. The Staempfli similarly have two dining arrangements: one in the living room (centre above), the other a round table on the terrace to the left of the picture. In July and August a popular Staempfli luncheon plot is a three-family picnic at some beach reached only by boat. Wherever they eat, someplace in the menu is sure to be fish bought at the market under their terrace, often *gambas plancha*, huge local shrimp broiled over charcoal.

STAIRS



The Staempfli staircase (top above), green-and-white tiled, rises from a teakwood floor in the entrance hall to a sitting room on the upper floor. The tall metal sculpture by Bertoia on the right was commissioned for that spot. The Harnden entrance hall (centre above), floored with irregular stone slabs, can be called rocky—the dark spots in the picture are the unretouched rocks of the building's foundation. Stone-tread stairs (directly above) lead from the Harnden dining room to the Harnden living room, and the dog with his back to it all is Brown-face, an Airedale.

FIREPLACES



In the upstairs sitting room (top above) alongside a painting by Feito, a Staempfli fireplace, and cushioned benches extending from it, are of whitewashed masonry. "Even when the day is searing hot, the evening is usually cool enough for a fire," Mr. Staempfli said. Wood for the fire rests under the bench on a floor of narrow, light-blue Spanish tiles. For their downstairs living room fireplace (above centre), Peter Harnden designed a façade of green and white Catalan tiles found in the house. The fireplace tool on the left of the hearth is a sculpture by Wilfrid Zogbaum; the painting to the right, by Lucio. Under Peter Harnden's black hooded living-room fireplace, a flagstone hearth shelters wood, and glass doors give onto the terrace pool.

DESKS



Although Mr. Harnden and Mr. Staempfli insist that working in Cadaqués is difficult—"the business of doing nothing," Mr. Staempfli said, "is terribly time-consuming"—they both have enviable corners set aside for work. Two of Mr. Harnden's are shown above, the top one in the straw-matted Harnden living room. Both desk and shelving are made of African Bolondo wood. The bottles on the top shelf are hand-blown and local, originally used for wine, oil, acids, and vinegar. From the colour and shape of the bottle, a Catalan could tell you what should be in it. In Mr. Harnden's studio (directly above), the drafting tabletop is of Formica, and the front door, painted wood and glass, gives direct access to the street.

BEDROOMS



With a glass-panelled view of the terrace and the harbour, the Staempfli bedroom (top above) has a tiled floor that came with the house, a wooden yoke sculpture, a pale-blue painting by Marca-Relli, and four beds, two for seating, two for sleeping. It was originally planned as a children's dormitory. Planned for, and operating as, a children's dormitory is the six-bunk Harnden bedroom (directly above), a composition of whitewashed cement, red-and-white checked gingham bedspreads, local rush-seated chairs, and, on the brick floor, a Spanish straw rug that simulates a zebra.

“MR. WATERHOUSE WAS A HORSE PLAYER”

(Continued from page 86)

paper. “If I ever hear of you misbehaving on a subway car, you’ll answer to me for it, all right,” he said. I was making myself a jelly sandwich on unsliced bread.

Next afternoon Mr. Waterhouse insisted we stop at Bickford’s and take the time of day.

“A black coffee for me and a glass of milk and a sweet for the whelp,” he told the counter girl. When we sat down he was wearing his Christmas face.

There was this horse, he told me. He wasn’t even a horse, he was a fine animal, practically the pet of this wealthy woman who used to live here until the neighborhood changed.

“But she still does her banking with us,” he said.

The horse’s name was Commandeer, and Mrs. Franning, the owner, had mentioned in passing to Mr. Waterhouse, that he looked a good thing in the fourth at Garden State this Thursday afternoon. It was now Tuesday, two afternoons before.

“All we have to figure is how I can show up with five dollars missing from my pay,” Mr. Waterhouse said.

“I have to get home and do my homework,” I said.

He insisted on discussing it at length. “We could say they cut my pay for just the one week,” he said. “An economy measure.”

“We?” I said. “Not we. I have to have nothing to do with it.”

The girl cleared the last crumb from the table, but we still sat. “The Accounting Department,” he said. “Suppose we were to say the Accounting Department at the bank made some error and there was a short in my pay—.”

“Could a thing like that happen?” The idea of there being something mechanically wrong with a bank enthralled me.

“The Accounting Department is only human,” Mr. Waterhouse said.

The next afternoon, which was the last before the race, he

insisted that I cut my late study period and come to the bank before closing.

When I arrived, he stationed himself in the centre of the floor, with me at his side, and we would pace a few steps, turn, pace a few steps, and turn again, covering all directions like a four-cornered clock.

The bank was crowded, and then a stately woman his own age, wearing a fur piece and high heels, nodded as she passed him, and Mr. Waterhouse hissed, “Mrs. Franning—,” at me and I couldn’t move.

She walked to a teller’s station, removed her long black gloves sweepingly, signed a number of checks, and turned towards the door.

She stood still a moment while she put her gloves on again, smoothing the webbing between her fingers, and when she had gone, Mr. Waterhouse said, “That’s what I wanted you to see. There’s a certain way a lady has of taking her gloves on and off, with the fine ones it’s like watching an interpretive dance.”

When you came to know him, Mr. Waterhouse could be very glib, and it even seemed logical to me that if a woman owned a horse and could take her gloves on and off well, that the horse was certain to win any race it was in.

The bank closed and we walked up Avenue A together, past West Third Street, and Connaughton’s Irish, and I said, “There’s only one thing to do. I’ll get you the money. I’ll bring it to the bank tomorrow during recess.”

Inside, grandfather was practising his breath control. He usually recited from Robert W. Service.

“I’m not so wise as the lawyer guys, but strictly between us two—the woman that kissed him— and pinched his poke— was the lady that’s known as Lou,” grandfather intoned.

“I’d like to ask a favour,”
(Continued on page 136)



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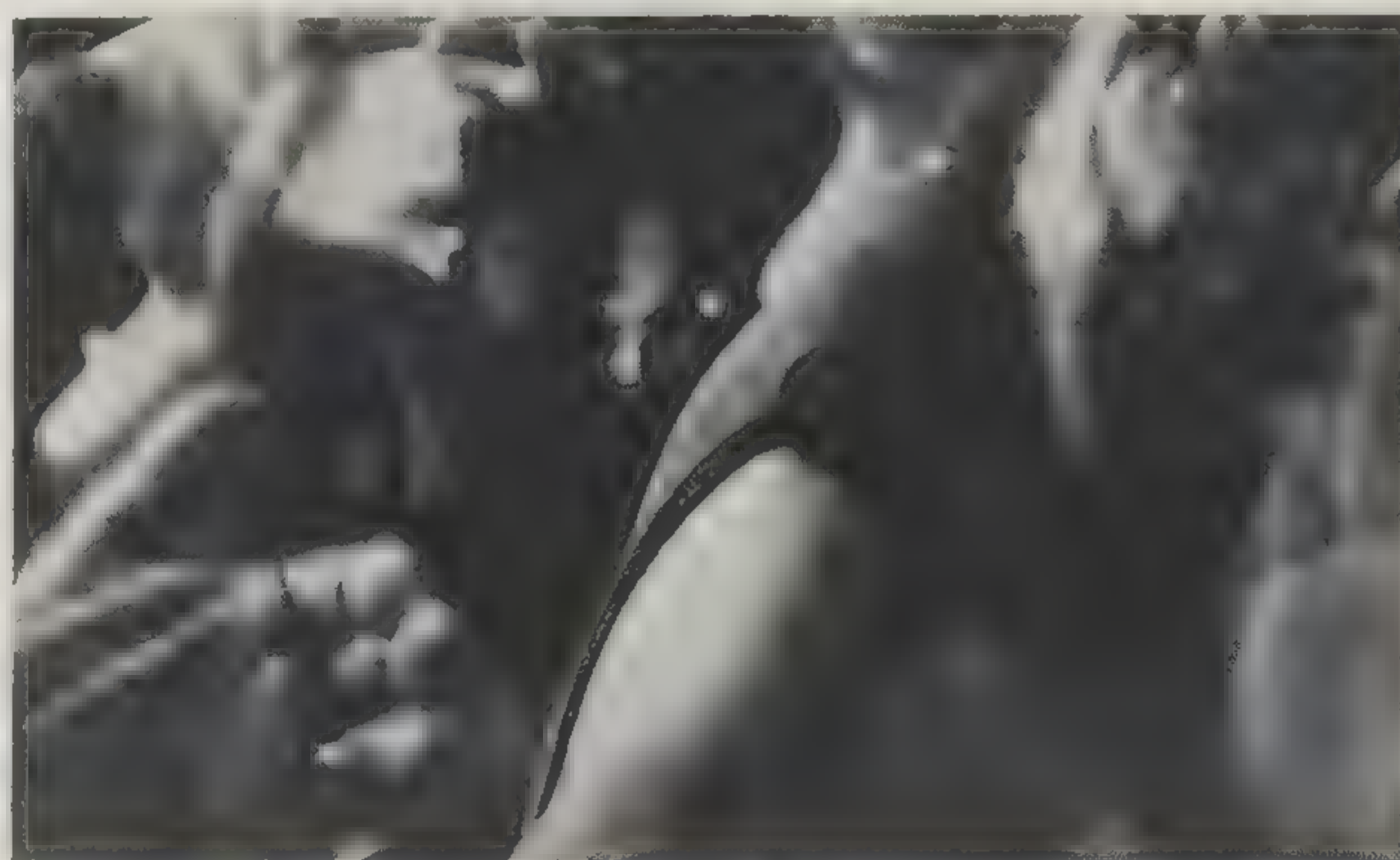
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Details on shoes and stockings, *pages 106-111*



Above: From page 107, opera pump by Margaret Jerrold, of French leather imported by Donovan. At Halle Bros.; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Black Rose stockings (demi-toe) by Belle-Sharmeer. At Woodward & Lothrop; Thalhimers; Famous-Barr; Meier & Frank.



Above: Page 108, the tie-pump by I. Miller is of Fleming-Joffe alligator. At I. Miller, New York; I. Magnin. Royal Sienna stockings (demi-toe) by Munsingwear. At Marshall Field; Dayton's. *Below:* Page 109, open-backed shoe by Christian Dior-New York, of Thomas B. Harvey suède. At Nan Duskin; Harzfeld's. Stockings, called Portuguese Wine, by Christian Dior. At Famous-Barr.

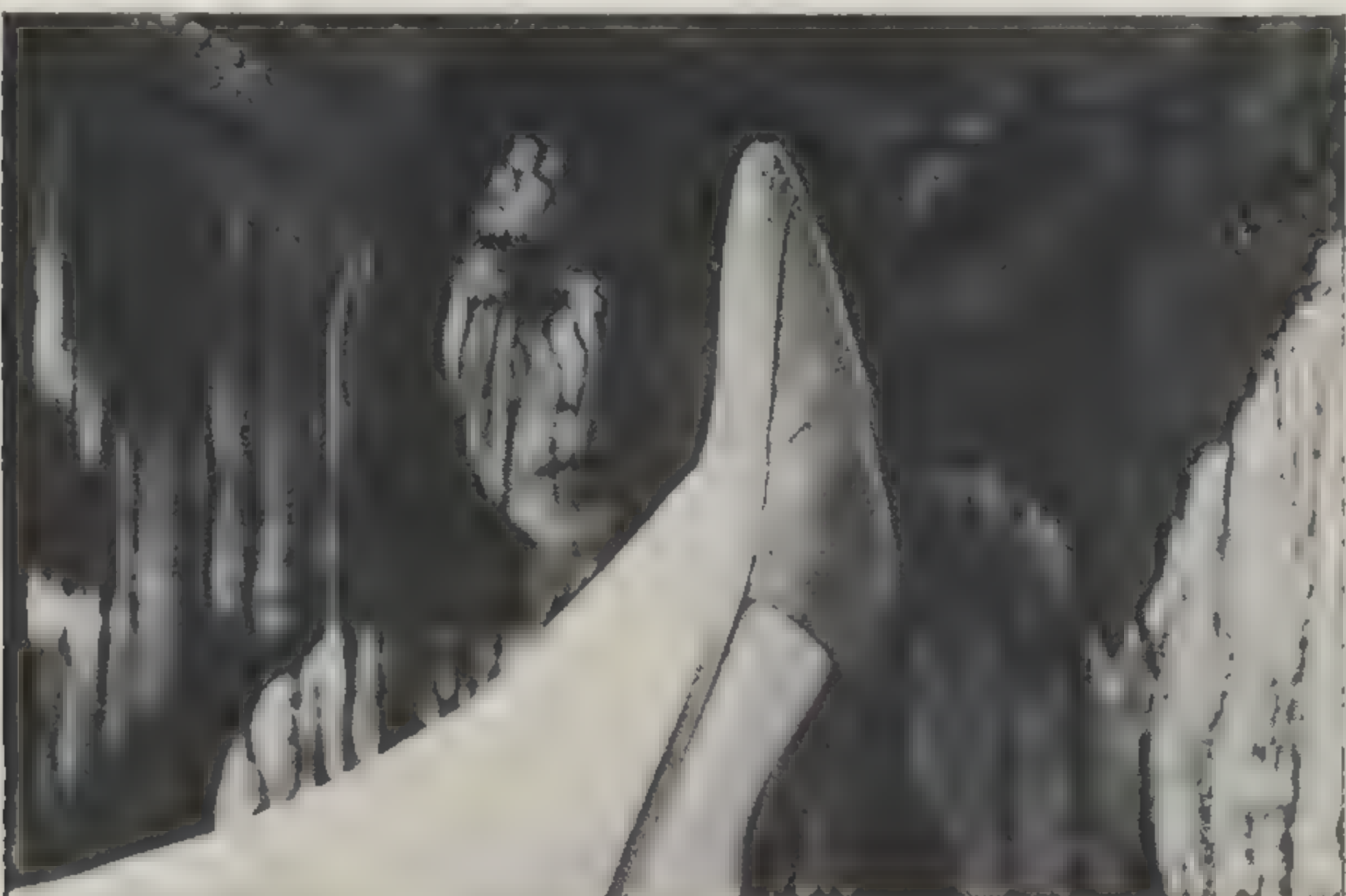




Above: Page 110, Andrew Geller pump of Leather's Best calfskin. At The Blum Store; Frost Bros. Bali Rose stockings (reinforced heel, toe), by Hanes seamless. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. *Below:* Page 111, shoe by Stanley Philipson of Leather's Best calfskin. At Levy's, Memphis; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; The Smart Shop, Houston; Al Rosenthal, Oklahoma City; Frost Bros., San Antonio; J. W. Robinson, Beverly Hills. Nines Drama stockings with demi-toe and heel, by Van Raalte. At Woodward & Lothrop.



Below: From page 111, open-backed shoe by Mademoiselle, of Fleming-Joffe lizard. At Lord & Taylor. Tango stockings with a demi-toe, no heel, by Round-the-Clock. At Capwell's, Oakland. All the stockings are seamless.



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New Orleans; Jack & Jill Shop.
New Orleans; Mary Lou Shop
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MINNESOTA

Minneapolis; Haughland's
Minneapolis; Jack and Jill
Minneapolis; Winslows
Owatonna; The Kelly Co.
Pipestone; Bettie's Tot To Teen
St. Cloud; Fandel's
St. Paul; Emporium & branch
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MISSOURI

Cape Girardeau; Bib'n Tucker
Kansas City; Milens
Maplewood; Golde's Store
St. Joseph; Hirsch's

NEBRASKA

Lincoln; Golds
Norfolk; Style Shop
Omaha; Brandeis
Omaha; Thomas Kilpatrick

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque; Kistler-Collister
Albuquerque; Peter Polly
Rosewell; Cornelius Youth Shop

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck; A. W. Lucas
Minot; Ellisons & branches

OKLAHOMA

Ardmore; Daube's
Ardmore; Young Fashions
Bartlesville; Sullivan's
Baytown; Economy Store
Oklahoma City; John A. Brown
Oklahoma City; Rothschild's
Stillwater; Katz Dept. Store
Tulsa; Vandever's

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen; Jack & Jill Shop
Rapid City; Haggerty's
Sioux Falls; Burke's

TEXAS

Abilene; Grissom's

TEXAS (cont'd)

Austin; Kara-Vel
Big Springs; Hemphill-Wells
Brownsville; Tot-To-Teen
Bryan; Lester's
Dallas; Miss Moderns
Denison; Lilley's
El Campo; Children's Shop
El Paso; Popular Dry Goods
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Ft. Worth; Martin Dry Goods
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Houston; Kaplan's Store
Laredo; Hachar's
Lubbock; Dunlap Co.
Lubbock; Hemphill-Wells
Lubbock; Latham's
Lubbock; Marcus's
Midland; Grammer-Murphy
Midland; Hyde's
Mt. Pleasant; Ingram's Tot-Teen
Odessa; Cobb's
Odessa; Dunlaps
San Angelo; Hemphill-Wells
Sherman; Price's Store
Tyler; Dyer's
Tyler; Mayer & Schmidt
Tyler; Tot-Teen Shop
Vernon; Hill's Youth Shop
Waco; Goldstein-Migel
Wichita Falls; McClurkan's

UTAH

Ogden; Pincok's Juvenile Shop
Provo; Kiddie Ville
Salt Lake City; Provo; Castleton's
Salt Lake City; Dick & Jane Shop
Salt Lake City; The Paris
Salt Lake City; Z.C.M.I.

WYOMING

Casper; Kassis Store

"THE OTHER WAY"

(Continued from page 87)

said, "we could have some in season."

And then Sandra Lee said what she had been saving up to say all afternoon: "I'm not going back."

They stopped whatever they were doing. They all looked at her. She could feel them looking through her.

"I'm not going back to that school." She found she was speaking louder than she intended. "I'm going back where I was last year."

In the little silence they could hear the rattle of dishes and the television set in the house next door.

Her mother said slowly: "What do I got to tell your father?"

Her grandmother said: "Jesus Lord!"

"I thought you liked it. I thought you was happy there," her mother said.

And Norris said: "Alberta's quitting, no?"

She knows everything, Sandra Lee thought. And she nodded.

"And you plain don't want to be the only little black chile in the school."

"God, God," her mother said, chopping onions on the wood board with a steady practiced thumping, "with everybody watching and counting."

Norris said: "Alberta's a silly little ass."

"She quit yesterday," Sandra Lee said. "She wasn't there today."

"Was they mean to you?" her grandmother said.

"Did somebody say something to you today?" her mother asked. "Was somebody mean to you?"

Sandra Lee shook her head and began stitching in the hem, slowly.

Norris smoothed the folds of her finished crochet work against her knee. "There's more than what you saying."

"I don't want to talk about it," Sandra Lee said.

Her grandmother cleared her throat and spat into her wad of tissue. "Since when do you come to be short of words?"

"Since now," Sandra Lee said.

Her grandmother's little beady black eyes glared at her. "No mocking in my house, miss."

Sandra Lee bit her lip and began stitching furiously.

"How do I got to tell your father?" her mother whispered to the paring knife in her hands.

Norris gave her wheelchair a quick little spin, the boards under the linoleum creaked, and she was at Sandra Lee's side. She pulled the sewing from her hands. "You began out by talking," she said, "now you finish up."

"I told you."

"Don't they eat lunch with you?" her mother asked, faintly. "You said they eat with you."

"Sort of. But it isn't just lunch."

"How?" Norris said. "Tell us how."

"Well," Sandra Lee said, "if I go sit at a table that's empty they don't ever come and sit by me. But if I go sit with them, they talk to me and it's all right."

"Lord of mine!" her mother hissed her breath with relief. "What you expect them to do? They been going there for years and you just come. And what's it got to hurt you to go to their table and not them."

"Little jackass," Norris said bitterly.

And for a minute Sandra Lee wondered whether she meant her or her mother.

"We thought about nothing when we was young," her grandmother said suddenly, "beyond the colour of our new shoes, and our men, and worry if there was going to be somebody to play piano in the evenings."

"You just got to work harder," her mother said, "no reason you can't keep up."

"I'm keeping up," Sandra Lee said.

"You don't want to be the only one," Norris said softly. "Not the only black face all by yourself in all that white."

"I just don't want to go."

"My God," her mother said, "oh my God."

"Tai-toi!" Norris said, forgetting, "you are more foolish

than your child."

Sandra Lee looked down at her empty hands folded across her lap.

"You fixing to come running back to where you been," Norris asked. "No?"

"I just want to go back."

"And the other kids," Norris was almost whispering, "they going to stand and point, them with their hands on their hips, and say see that little chile that can't stay in a white school. There's that chile that wants to be black."

"They laugh you out," her grandmother said.

"So you got to go back," her mother said.

"I don't belong there," Sandra Lee said, "that's all."

Norris snickered. "Where you belong, cher? Tell me."

"I don't know," Sandra Lee said miserably.

Norris snickered again. "You belong in Africa, maybe?" She held up the blue-plaid dress. "You going back to Africa wearing this dress?"

Her mother chuckled and dropped the chopped onions into a frying pan.

"I'm just not going," Sandra Lee said.

"I won't, I won't, I won't," her grandmother mimicked.

"You going back," Norris said, "because there's no place else for you."

Sandra Lee bent her head and was surprised to see the splotches of water fall on her hands. She had not realized that she was crying.

"We won't say nothing about this," her mother said, "not to your father nor nobody else."

"I been trouble all my life," Norris looked at her withered legs. "From the day I was born, I been troubling others and there wasn't nothing to do about it."

"The Lord in his mercy," the grandmother said.

"But you now, you got two legs and a head on your shoulders, and you got no cause to be a burden."

"There's eight more months of school," Sandra Lee said, and she saw them stretch ahead like the shining curve of a railroad

track, endless.

"You going tomorrow," Norris said as if she had not heard, "and when you come back tomorrow evening, you going to tell us what kind of a day you had and what you did at lunchtime, and all that you learned."

Sandra Lee had turned her hands over and was studying the insides of them, the lines and hollows. Some people, she thought, they could tell what would happen to you from your hands, that the mark of the future was there, all spelled out, if you could just read it.

"And," Norris said, "you won't tell us no more of what you're thinking."

"No," her grandmother said. "No more."

The silence was thick and heavy until her mother said, "There's no more milk for the morning, and I was forgetting."

"Yes'm," Sandra Lee said.

"My purse's on top the bureau."

Sandra Lee got up and walked toward the front of the house. She opened the purse and found a fifty-cent piece and holding it in her hand, she let herself out the front door, the one that gave directly on the street.

The bricks gave out their gentle sound under her steps. The houses passed one after the other, misted and shaded by fear and misery. She felt the pressure of her people behind her, pushing her, cutting off her tears.

She got the milk. For a minute she thought about throwing the bottle down in the gutter and running off in the other direction. Instead she looked at the black-and-white spotted cat that ambled loose-limbed along the walk, hugging the shelter of the houses. And so the moment passed, and when she looked up again, the other way was gone. The street in front of her had only one opening and one way to it, and her feet put themselves on that path, and she walked home.

"How was school?" her mother asked.

Sandra Lee put the milk in the icebox and closed the door. "It was fine," she said.

MRS. AGNELLI
(Continued from page 92)

police dog, and Pekingese. A graceful white villa, set in the sombre Piedmontese landscape, Villar is presumed to have been built by the celebrated eighteenth-century architect Juvara as a *lieu de plaisance* for Victor Amadeus II, Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia. A polychrome, wiggled bust of the dashing monarch overlooks the grand gallery, all white, pale green, and rose, joyously laced with gold and painted with vegetable motifs and chinoiserie.

Mrs. Agnelli's Mediterranean life begins around Easter with the opening of La Leopolda, once the pleasure palace of King Leopold II of Belgium. There, she prefers the narrow pants that Pucci launched on the Riviera, his scarf and other shirts, and bathing suits from New York. On the Côte, as in the Piedmont, she wears colours—uncliché combinations—avoiding the neutrals and darks that turn up consistently in her town wardrobe.

For at-home evenings, whether she is in the mountains, at the seashore, or in town, she always dresses in one of her "follies," extravagantly beautiful

costumes—the pink silk shantung, half pants, half skirt (page 92), the sweeping Empire piqué robe (page 93), or something quieter, more *intime*, when there are no guests. She has a collector's eye for these *robes d'intérieur*, searching them out with obvious pleasure from Galitzine, Forquet, Givenchy, Balenciaga. The way she wears these dresses gives them a chic beyond that which their famous designers poured into them—for instance, her jewelling of the pants-skirt costume, as if it were a ball dress.

Her town clothes, in Braque colours—lots of beige, white, grey, dark brown, and black, are the main source of the efficient, nothing-extraneous, ten-day-travel wardrobe. "I do my suitcase at my desk," she said—two suits; two day dresses; three little black bistro dresses, usually wool or crêpe; two, perhaps barer, late-day dresses; two short, probably embroidered, and two long evening dresses. In the winter she adds furs, perhaps her leopard coat, her mink-lined leather one, and, for evening, either a mink or sable coat. She owns no stoles, but likes miniature fur ascots to tuck into suit necks. In the summer, all her late-day dresses have their own companion coats.

Another precise traveller, her cosmetic case, contains duplicates of everything she uses, eradicating the possibility of a packing oversight. Since she wears a minimum of make-up by day, and only slightly more dramatic colouring at night, the cosmetics she does use are vital.

In spite of her impatience with clothes details, Mrs. Agnelli is strict about accessories. They "are much more important than the dress," she said, deliberately exaggerating the point. To decrease the time it takes to shop for and co-ordinate them, she has a method. Her gloves are usually beige, white, or pale grey; she rarely attempts the subtler off-tone gloves and handbags that have to be off in just the right way. Her non-town handbags are ordered from Gucci; her important and expensive-as-luggage handbags for city and travel come from Cartier, as well as her little jewel-like evening bags. To avoid subtle but irritating disagreements with her bright summer dresses, she often orders from Germaine Guerin, small handbags of the same material or matching colours. Her shoes are from Dior, neutral or dark for town, coloured for her "follies."

Her way of getting around

those long, standing fittings at the couturiers is to leave her *toile de corps* in their hands. Balenciaga often works from it, sending her sketches so she can order from Turin or wherever. Galitzine once told Mrs. Agnelli in desperation, that she would prefer not to make her anything at all if she wouldn't give the proper time for fittings. (Naturally, nothing changed.)

At the town house in Turin, and its small supplement just outside the city, her wardrobe is much the same as when she is travelling, only more so, more suits, more dresses. In the summer, the big town house is always closed, but the little *pied-à-terre*, which she calls "Gianni's house," because he uses it more than the rest of the family, remains open. This is exceedingly modern, one enormous room with the swimming pool half way into the living room; the bedroom, kitchen, and bath closed off by a sliding screen.

Recently Mrs. Agnelli has become increasingly interested in modern art and architecture. She is now president of the Turin Biennale—an administrator who delights her colleagues and the artists by enthusiastic, intelligent response to their work. *Benissimo* and *benone* are words she uses often.

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"MR. WATERHOUSE WAS A HORSE PLAYER"

(Continued from page 131)

I said.

"A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon," he said.

I explained about Mrs. Franning and Mr. Waterhouse. "If he doesn't get the money to bet and the horse really wins, he'll never get over it," I said.

Grandfather looked at me for a long time without speaking. Finally he blurted, "This summer you will learn to box a compass." That's all he would say.

He walked to the library desk, fumbled through some envelopes, and handed me a five dollar bill.

I sat up in bed all night in the dark, and in the morning I tried to get out of the house early, but grandfather was waiting at the door. "It will be all right for you to go with Mr. Waterhouse to Artie Zito's to hear the call," he said.

"What do you mean, hear the call?" I said.

"Don't be fresh."

I ran into the bank at noon and handed Mr. Waterhouse my grandfather's five dollars.

"Commandeer," he said. He flexed his fingers around the crumpled bill in his hand.

It was the longest afternoon I ever spent; it was the first time we were using bone glue in shop class, and even that was long, and my hands got all sticky.

At three o'clock I ran out of school, I had so much energy and nothing to do with it, it hurt me to run, because just running wasn't enough. It had hurt me all day to just sit there and wait, and now it hurt me to run.

When I came up to Mr. Waterhouse in the bank, he said, "Do you have a fever, your eyes are all shiny—."

"Did you make the bet?"

He wouldn't say, but I knew that he had, all right.

We came into Artie Zito's a few minutes before the race. There were no windows open and every one was smoking and there were a lot of chairs around the walls, and the whole thing looked

like a sort of illegal Lloyd's of London.

Then the door opened and the first one we saw was my grandfather. He was wearing his new coloured vest and his shoes were shined, and behind him, Mrs. Waterhouse, looking like a black broomstick, was sweeping the four assorted Waterhouse children into the horse parlour.

Nobody said anything and they ranged themselves into the seats along the wall and Mr. Waterhouse tried to blend into the smoke all around him, I could feel him doing it, but it didn't work.

"It's poppa," one of the children said. I think he was the next to the littlest one.

"Hey, poppa," they all got up and pressed around him, clinging to his feet.

"How come they're dressed that way?" I asked Mrs. Waterhouse, but she wouldn't answer. She just looked at my grandfather, the attorney general, and he answered.

"For five dollars you could have each child immunized against every disease known to man," he said. "Five dollars would buy leggings, a pair of shoes, and a cap for one child, with enough left over to buy milk for all the others."

Grandfather was sort of chanting, like an Indian fakir, and Mr. Waterhouse was trying to go up in the smoke, he was trying so hard, the veins in his temple were throbbing, and the children were cluttered about his feet so he couldn't deny them.

Mrs. Waterhouse rocked back and forth in the chair by the wall, enjoying herself and her agony.

"The fourth at Garden State," the loudspeaker shouted. "Start good for all but Commandeer, away slowly. At the three-quarter pole, Debonair by a head, Ventolino second, Shifty by a length, Full House is fourth."

Mr. Waterhouse had gone into a coma, he stood without

(Continued on page 138)

MADRID ADDRESS BOOK

(Continued from page 124)

Shopping in La Cerámica de Talavera has a little of the quality of a shopping trip around Spain. At this shop, a sampler of Spanish crafts, one may buy as well as order such things as ceramics, some as white as dry ice; licorice-black wrought iron; tiles made in Seville and Talavera. The shop makes all the shipping arrangements. Calle Lagasca, 44.

Easy shopping and enormous variety—clothes, accessories, perfume, shoes, money-exchange counter—are among the pleasures at Galerías Preciados, Madrid's huge department store. Surprisingly low price tags. Calle Preciados, 28.

At Loewe's (pronounced lu-e-ve), Spain's great leather house, the air has the rich tangy odour that comes only from expensive leather. At its seven shops in Spanish cities, the Loewe family designs, makes, and sells everything leather—coats, gloves, handbags, luggage, shoes, picture frames, pill and cigar boxes. Suède coats feel as soft as peaches; luggage has the gleam of well-boned shoes. Avenida José Antonio, 8.

FOUR CHILDREN'S HOUSES. The exquisite clothes for children made to order at Mendivil range from

wispy crib clothes to smart, unfussy dresses for adolescent girls. Boys, however, only up to four years. Stunning and simple, girls' Viyella tailored dresses, \$18 to \$36. Calle Recoletos, 19.

A doll wearing the same dress as her child owner is the big thing at Mariquita Perez. The look comes from unexpected materials made to measure in classic styles. A bold plaid design for a two-year-old, with its doll-size edition, comes to about \$10 for both. Don Ramon de la Cruz, 25.

For the very young and for speedy shopping, Milly is the place. Baby sizes to three years sell from \$4 to \$10. Coats to size six are around \$10. Calle Serrano, 63, near the Castellana Hilton Hotel.

Beautifully embroidered baby dresses and crib stuff—ruffled skirts, sheets, baby pillows—all involve patient handwork by young girls at the convent, Casa de Misericordia de Santa Isabel. Orders for baby things take several months, but elaborate trousseaux need a year for delivery. *Note:* Linen sheets, exquisitely embroidered with dots and fat monograms, resemble sheer linen handkerchiefs. Calle Hortaleza, 79.

SIGNALLED IN SMOKE

The following is a list of shops in other cities where the coat shown on page 98 may be found.

Akron, Ohio.....	Polsky's	Louisville, Ky.....	Byck's
Baltimore, Md.....	Hochschild, Kohn	Miami, Fla.....	Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Wanamaker's
Columbus, Ohio.....	F. & R. Lazarus	Phoenix, Ariz.....	Goldwaters
Denver, Colo.....	May—D & F	Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Joseph Horne
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.....	Jordan Marsh	Richmond, Va.....	Miller & Rhoads
Houston, Tex.....	Battelstein's	St. Matthews, Ky.....	Byck's
Indianapolis, Ind.....	H. P. Wasson	San Francisco, Calif.....	Roos-Atkins and all stores
Kansas City, Mo.....	Woolf Brothers	Tampa, Fla.....	Maas Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.....	J. W. Robinson		
Washington, D.C.....	Woodward & Lothrop		

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The Metropolitan Museum of Art 255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

G3

Name _____

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"MR. WATERHOUSE WAS A HORSE PLAYER"

(Continued from page 136)

breathing and his eyes were closed and the smoke and the children enveloped him.

"At the half, Debonair goes wide. Shifty moves up on the rail. Full House is third."

Mrs. Waterhouse was still in her chair, but I couldn't see grandfather through the smoke.

"At the quarter, Shifty by a length. Full House a nose. Mortar Board third, Debonair fourth, and Commandeer on the outside."

As Commandeer improved position, it seemed to me that the loudspeaker became less impersonal, the voice was more kindly, almost familiar.

"At the eighth pole, Full House in front. Megaton a head, Shifty third, and Commandeer fourth."

Mr. Waterhouse gave no sign at this encouragement other than to step out of the ring formed by the children, but he still had very little blood.

"At the finish, Commandeer by a half length, Wind Box is second, Megaton third."

Mrs. Waterhouse stood up and sniffed and through some maternal wireless, she got through to the children, who rose from the floor as one and made a circle around her, like chickens.

Mr. Waterhouse went to the pay window and collected his \$129, the horse paid \$51.50 for two, and they walked downstairs quietly, like a family unit.

The loudspeaker was still and the men all milled about again in the smoke and then my grandfather came forward. We were standing in a little oasis of quiet, and I felt let-down and disappointed.

"It's a burden that goes with being too young," my grandfather said. "The first fifty or sixty years, they're almost a waste. It's when you get old and you don't have to care about everything so much, that the fun begins—"

"You rigged the whole thing, didn't you?" I said.

"Manipulated. Manoeuvred. Made an intelligent use of power and experience. I knew Artie Zito's grandfather and then his father—"

"But did Commandeer really win?" I asked.

"Who knows—I don't even think the real race has been run yet; didn't you recognize my voice giving the call?"

I remember the stunned look on Mr. Waterhouse's face as he stumbled back from the pay window with his money. "It took the fun out of it for him," grandfather put his arm around my shoulders as we groped our way out of the smoke into the sun.

"From now on, betting on horses for Leonard Waterhouse will be a little like going to a lover while his black-dressed wife and children wait outside in the Louis XIV anteroom."

"But whose \$129 was it?" I asked.

"Two young boys were expelled from college for selling answers to the mid-year exams," grandfather said. "If I never teach you anything else, that's one thing you'll learn—always figure out the answers for yourself."

"Yessir," I said. I didn't often call him that, but I felt like it just then.

NOTE

The line, "Helen and a thousand ships will have to die of shame," quoted on page 121 is from the current Broadway musical, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim.

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